

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV, No. 25.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Feb. 19, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:19 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 1, 12:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 3, 5:03 A. M.
No. 6, 11:55 A. M.
No. 8, 8:47 P. M.
No. 10, 7:35 P. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily between Chicago and Waukegan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

Antioch Home News.

Attend the masquerade ball at Rogers hall to-morrow night.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

We handle all kinds of sewing machine supplies, needles always on hand. All kinds of gilding and fixtures for decorating purposes at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

A party from Chicago was in this village on Thursday last with a view of establishing a wagon-shop here. We see no reason why a good shop of this kind would not be a "howling success."

Antioch will vote on Wednesday, February, 25, whether they shall incorporate as a village or not. Let Antioch look at Burlington and see how she has prospered since incorporation and then "go and do likewise."—*Standard Democrat*.

Mr. Fred Krakosky, Senior Vice Commander of Luther Crane Post No. 201 G. A. R. of Burlington Wis. was in our village a couple of days on recruiting service, for the Burlington Post, among our Army boys. Several of our prominent citizens, who shouldered a musket through many a weary march, have sent in application for membership in the Post and others will follow. The parties who have sent in their applications will unite with the Post Saturday evening of this week, and all old soldiers who can do so are cordially invited to attend, and join in the social festivities of the occasion.

Scattered here and there throughout our little village are a few men whose actions are so consistent with their arguments. When they are asked to subscribe towards building sidewalks or improving the streets they will tell you that the sidewalks and streets are all right as they are. In front of their residences are sidewalks (?) that become at least six inches deep every time it rains. But this does not worry them in the least, as they will then cross the street and walk down town on private walks built and maintained by their more enterprising neighbors.

The Japanese student from Evanston who lectured at the M. E. church on Sunday last was favored with a large audience at both the morning and evening services. Although but seventeen months in this country he has acquired a very fair knowledge of the English language, and his description of Japanese home life and customs was very entertaining and instructive throughout. He dwelt for some time on his journey to this country; and the manner in which he was treated by some "not christian" Americans, as he rightly termed them, but reiterates the fact that what we need is a few Japanese missionaries to this country. The Japanese as a nation are intelligent and are eager to adopt anything that would be the means of their further advancement, yet when they come to this country for learning the great American public is inclined to look down upon them as being an infinitely inferior race, which is an injustice. The young student is but 10 years old and still wears his native costume. When he completes his studies here he will return as a missionary to Japan.

The friends of Miss Bell Howard gave her a pleasant surprise party at her home in this village on Friday evening last.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son having got their feed mill in perfect working order are prepared to do first class grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week at reasonable rates.

The Brazil reciprocity treaty appears to be the most popular thing the administration has yet done; it will unquestionably enlarge our markets, and that is just what the country needs.

On Wednesday evening of last week the school-mate friends of Miss Vida Richards tendered her a surprise party at her home in this village. The evening was passed very pleasantly by games and music. About 27 schoolmates were present.

There will be a New England supper at Chinn's hall on next Tuesday evening Feb. 24. All interested are requested to bring something for the supper. Proceeds to go toward payment of the M. E. pastor's salary. Come and have a good time.

There will be a grand masquerade ball at Rogers Hall in this village on Friday evening, Feb. 20th, 1891. Music will be furnished by the Waukegan Orchestra. Tickets including supper, \$1.50. The event will be one of the most enjoyable of the season and all are cordially invited to attend. Masks will be sold at C. O. Foltz's store.

Up to the present time sixteen residents of incorporated villages have sent in their views on incorporation, and out of the entire number only two are opposed to it. Now fellow citizens do some intelligent thinking for yourselves. Would those men (all of them taxpayers) so strongly favor incorporation if they did not see its benefits? Certainly not.

In the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Albert Herman to Miss Mary A. Brogan, made in last week's issue of this paper, a mistake occurred as to the place in which the ceremony was performed. It should have read in the Catholic church at Rosecrans instead of at the residence of the bride's parents. The announcement was received at this office giving the date and place as they appeared in the News and we supposed it to be accurate.

There are swindlers and swindlers. Every little while a new one turns up and is "roasted" by the newspapers. The one now being raked over the coals is a sewing machine repairer who is traveling from hamlet to hamlet in pursuit of business. The fellow goes into a house and asks to see the sewing machine. As he seems bent on having a visit with the machine his request is usually granted. He examines the different parts to ascertain whether or not the machinery is all right. If the machine is in perfect working order it does not matter as by a smooth sleight of hand performance he drops a piece of clock spring into it, which of course prevents its working. He then offers to fix it for 50 cents and in many cases gets the money.

ROSECRANS.

R. G. Murrie made a short visit in Millburn last Sunday.

D. G. Nellis and family of West McHenry, visited relatives here last Saturday.

Mrs. C. Ames, of Warren visited her sister Mrs. Helen Ames last Sunday.

A social dance was given at Russell last week and another is reported for Feb. 27.

E. J. Faulkner bought a team in Chicago last week.

The ladies of the church society are arranging for an oyster supper in the near future.

A series of special revival meetings are in progress at the Newport and Benton church, being conducted by Rev. M. W. Buck, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cooley of Chicago. All are invited to attend.

Special Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given the legal voters of the village of Antioch that a special election will be held on Wednesday Feb. 25, 1891 for the purpose of voting on the question of incorporating the village of Antioch under the state law. The polls will be open on that day from 8 A. M. until 7 P. M.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Ben Stone of Antioch was in town Sunday.

Messrs Campbell and Newberry of Burlington were seen on our streets Friday.

Mrs. C. W. Vonk has been confined to her house for the past few days with a severe cold.

Louie Scherf was in Chicago the latter part of the week laying in a large supply of new furniture.

Mr. Piazza will deliver a lecture on the holy land to-morrow evening in the M. E. Church.

C. W. Blank has gone to his home in Whitewater, Wis., his health being very poor.

Dick Wilbur returned to Kenosha the 7th after spending a couple of weeks with his parents in this village.

The I. O. G. T's. of this place are preparing a play to be presented to the public in the near future entitled "The Sparkling Cup."

Mr. and Mrs. James Owen have returned from their extended wedding tour and have gone to house-keeping in Mrs. Hoyzeradt's house.

Mrs. Paey, mother of A. G. Paey ended her earthly career on Friday morning at the ripe old age of seventy six years. Her funeral on Sunday was very largely attended.

GUESS WHO.

WADSWORTH.

The Board of trade has closed its doors and stepped down and out.

John Schlosser has established a barber shop and lunch room. Walk in ye hungry and try his generous fare.

The other day while sitting before a well heated stove on which a tea-kettle and coffee pot were boiling, little Benny Hogan aged three years was treated to a genuine surprise. The stove without having previously signified its intention to do so tipped over with a crash, throwing the tea-kettle to right and the coffee pot to the left of the child. Amid the shrieks from the affrightened parents the child, unhurt, coolly said "Pa get me out of this."

Chicago "vets" recently visited Lux Bro's barn, used of late as a store-room for unseasonable goods and summer wearing apparel, and scattered things generally. A coat was taken which was found to be too clerical and they tried to trade it off for one more suitable. The same night the pests made a raid with fire on James Pollock's safe, but after many unsuccessful efforts were compelled to give up, as the safe withstood their attempts to open it. They escaped without being captured and will probably soon operate in some other town. Mr. Pollock found it necessary to send his safe to Chicago for repairs.

Wisconsin Central Time Table. Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.
No. 1, 12:45 a. m.
No. 3, 10:50 P. M.
No. 5, 8:11 P. M.
No. 7, 12:35 a. m.
No. 9, 1:20 P. M.
SOUTH.
No. 2, 4:52 a. m.
No. 4, 7:03 a. m.
No. 6, 11:55 a. m.
No. 8, 6:30 P. M.
No. 10, 7:20 P. M.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor every night.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAYEN, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

John McGinty has built his ice house and filled it with a first quality of crystalized water.

Mr. Ralph Benedict of Bristol paid D. C. Stewart a visit last Sunday and found the roads horrible.

There was a hefty delegation from Trevor to Burlington to attend a dance last Friday night. They did not arrive home until noon the next day.

Last week Mr. Geo. H. Booth went to Dakota to look after sheep, for his ranch. He has fed and disposed of a number of different bands of sheep this winter.

Mr. J. Z. Nyhart of Twin Bridges Montana unloaded one car of horses at Trevor last week Wednesday. They were intended for the eastern market and on Friday morning last week, Messrs Roe and Goetschins of the same place, unloaded for the purpose of feed and rest, one car of horses for the Pennsylvania market to be shipped via Chicago. Trevor is getting to be quite a feeding point.

INCORPORATION AS ONE MAN SEES IT.

Richmond, Ill., Feb. 8, '91.

Dear Sir,

Your postal, asking certain questions as to village incorporation is at hand, but the space there allowed is insufficient to properly answer them; and since the affair is one of real importance to you, if the citizens of your village think of incorporating under the State law I will answer more in *extenso* than would be possible on the card.

(1) As to satisfaction of our people with the present status, we are like other communities apt to run in the old ruts. We become satisfied with that to which we have become accustomed, or indifferent to it, unless it particularly interferes with our own interests or pleasure. We have been incorporated a good many years and therefore, I presume that a majority of our citizens would answer yes to your first question. And yet for the first few years denunciations loud and deep were indulged in by good men, and an effort was made to have a bill offered in the State Legislature giving villagers the power to unincorporate. At that time a large majority would have voted "no."

(2) It would be a close vote I think.
(3) They have been made higher by a special assessment and can be, at the will of the Board. How it figures.
(4) Yes, such as the building of sidewalks, repair of streets, abating of nuisances &c.
(5) It probably is.
(6) If anything yes, all things considered.
(7) No sir!

The fact is the success and advantages of incorporation depend greatly on the character of the Board. If you could always have on it level headed men instead of blockheads or fanatics all would be well. But the first mentioned village is never plentiful in a little village community, and many a year the people will find after election that they have burnt their own fingers. Our village was once put to several hundred dollars expense to hire a spy to come here to detect secret liquor selling and did not make a single case. The Board has

the power of grave and not easily limited abuses and you will be sure to get fool boards occasionally, as we have, who will make you "tired."

Incorporation leads to cliques among citizens and is inimical to social comity. A village is well enough as an integral part of the township—let "well enough" alone.

If there be anything illegal in its act of incorporation it may lead to grave complications and much trouble afterward. It is held by good authority that our act of incorporation is illegal, from the fact that the territory incorporated did not have the legal number of inhabitants. If that be so every act of its Board is illegal and could be ripped to pieces in a court of law.

One argument against incorporation is that there is no way of getting out of the scrape if you once get in. One of the best lawyers in Chicago told me that neither the Statute, at that time, nor the session laws since its revision provided for unincorporating a village or city. So it is well for a community to look before they leap.

Yours Truly,
S. F. Bennett.

(*) Would the people of your village be willing to throw aside the village Incorporation papers?

(1) Are taxes higher or lower than they were prior to incorporation?

(2) Are there any advantages to be derived from incorporation?

(3) Is the liquor dealer more easily controlled?

(4) Do you consider Incorporation of a village detrimental to it?

(5) Were your village not incorporated would you vote to Incorporate?

INCORPORATION.

Mr. Editor,

Can you allow space for a few facts worth knowing before election? First does incorporation effect the school law, school taxes, or the Trustees, Treasurer, or Directors? No. Do the boundry lines of a corporate village either before or after incorporation have to be surveyed? No. Then how is the boundry line designated? It was designated by Wilton's Plat and Petition presented with thirty legal voters to the County Judge and accepted by the Judge, and ordered recorded in the County Court of Lake County. What will it cost the tax payers for Plat, Petition, Record and notices? Not one cent, and for this and other reasons, Uncle Tom cheerfully asks every legal voter inside the limits of corporation to go to the Polls and vote next Wednesday. If we incorporate will taxes be higher or lower? The taxes will be lower. I dont see how it can make taxes any lower, and at the same time gravel streets and build sidewalks. It will be done in this way: The Statute of the State of Illinois empowers the Trustees to tax saloons, card tables, billiards, bagatelle, pigeon hole, pin alleys, ball alleys, hawkers, peddlers, theatres, and to grant permits to druggists to sell liquor, and tax them for the same, to tax dogs, also to stop dog fights, cock pits, fighting, quarreling, and all other disorderly acts and make the offenders pay a fine. All licenses, fines and dog tax shall be paid to the Village Treasury for the benefit of the village. The Trustees can erect engine houses, buy engine, hose carts, hooks and ladders for the prevention of fires, encourage volunteer fire companies, put in water tanks, appoint a Treasurer, and pass all ordinances and rules and make all regulations proper or necessary to carry into effect the powers granted to cities or villages, with such fines or penalties as the city council or board of trustees shall deem proper, provided no fine or penalty shall exceed \$200 and no imprisonment shall exceed six months for one offense. For the truth of the above I refer you to the Statute of the State of Illinois, concerning cities, villages and towns.

See sections 41, 44, 46, 50, 64 and 96. Now in certain taxes the Statute governs and in others it does not. The tax on small plays and amusements is discretionary with the Trustees. Should there be no licenses whatsoever the Trustees can raise each year hundreds of dollars from other taxable sources. To make it clear that the property owner need not bear the burden of taxes alone I would say that we have perhaps 100 able bodied voters who are sound in mind and under the age of 50 years, within what would be the corporate limits, now what would be a fair poll tax per capita? Say three dollars. This would figure three hundred dollars which together with the licenses, other taxes and fines would according to law be used for village improvement purposes. UNCLE TOM.

Notice of Purchase at Tax Sale.

To all concerned take notice that at a sale of lands and town lots for the taxes, interest and costs for the year A. D. 1888 held at the Court House in Waukegan, Lake Co. Ill. on the third day of June A. D. 1889 I purchased lots 2, 3 and 4 in P. S. Sec. 15, Township 46 North, Range 9 East, taxed in the name of Lewis Hatch, and the time for redemption from said sale will expire on the third day of June A. D. 1891.

F. W. Hatch, purchaser.

Auction.

On Feb. 21, at 1 o'clock P. M. I will sell on the premises which is known as the Christopher Wilson Farm. Located one mile north of Disciple Church known as the Ft. Hill Church, in the town of Avon and Grant, Lake County, Ill.

DESCRIPTION.

North half of Lot 1 and 2 of the S. W. quarter of section 19, Township 45, N. of Range 10, E. of 3rd principal Meridian and E. 1/4 of N. E. quarter and the N. E. quarter of the S. E. quarter of section 24, Township 45, N. of Range 9, all in Lake County, Ill. containing about 100 acres.

TERMS OF SALE:—Half cash balance on time at 6 per cent interest.

DIGHTON GRANGER,

Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

I desire to say to the people of Antioch and vicinity that I have purchased a stock of wagon and carriage makers material and will in a few days locate a shop in your village and be prepared to do all kinds of work in this line with promptness and efficiency. I will make a specialty of repairing farming implements generally, and with your co-operation will promise to establish a business among you that will be a credit to the place. When I am settled call and see me and you will be treated with courtesy and fairness. Yours for business,
GEO. W. BELL.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that two certain notes of hand given by Charles Gauger of Wilmot, Wis., one note of \$600 dated November 12th 1890, and payable one year after date to Mrs. Emma Falbrick, also one note of \$100, dated October 4th given by Charles Gauger, and payable to Mrs. Emma Falbrick four months after date thereof, were stolen December 24th, 1890 at, or near, Racine, Wis. All persons are hereby warned not to cash said notes as the maker has given new notes to replace the ones stolen.

Mrs. Emma Falbrick.
Dated at Antioch this 13th day of February, 1890.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. \$1,000 cash, balance on time. Also fine building lots for \$75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Pools of blood were found on the floor of the dining room of the residence of the Rev. Dr. Sunderland at Washington, and as no one of the family had been hurt the police are puzzled over the mystery.

The gambol concert has been accepted by the government, and is being fitted out at New York.

At Austin, Texas, Sam Alexander was fined \$250 for mailing lottery tickets.

From present indications navigation on the Mississippi will open unprecedentedly early this year.

Capitalists from Chicago, Pittsburgh and Wales have located a tin-plate mill at Joliet, Ill., to cost \$300,000.

Business failures for last week numbered 279, compared with 301 the previous week, and 302 the corresponding week of 1890.

At the Passavant hospital in Milwaukee Mrs. Hedwig Wendland died from the effects of the Koch lymph treatment.

John H. McCabe, an actor and stage manager, who went to California in 1849, died at San Francisco.

It is reported that the Thomson-Houston and Westinghouse companies are to be united under one management.

The sum of \$4,000 stolen from the Ogden, Utah, postoffice by a clerk was recovered at Arkansas City, Kan., through the thief's confession.

W. J. Sullivan, a wealthy stockman living at Hawkeye, Iowa, fell from the top of a Milwaukee train while crossing the river at Ottumwa and broke his neck.

The Executive Committee for the Grand Army of the Republic Department meeting in Decatur in April has secured one fare for the round trip on all roads in Illinois.

Nicol & Strong of Kansas City have filed suit against the Master Plumbers' Association, claiming \$30,000 damages because the association expelled them from membership.

The three big gypsum stucco mills in Fort Dodge, Iowa, have joined the syndicate now being organized to control the stucco business of the country.

A boiler explosion in Ousley's flour mill occurred at Windsor, Mo. Hugh L. Smith and Thomas Tibberty, boiler-makers of Sedalia, were killed.

At a Mansfield (Ohio) hotel Joseph Bearick, owner of a store at Tiro, Ohio, went to his room under the influence of liquor, blew out the gas, and was found dead next day.

Senator Stockbridge has introduced a bill in the United States Senate to incorporate the National Guarantee Loan and Development Company of the United States, which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

Resolutions have been passed by the Newfoundland Legislature protesting against the action of the British government in not permitting negotiations for reciprocity with the United States to be carried on.

E. M. McGillion, of Cleveland, Ohio, has sued the H. B. Claffin Company of New York, for \$364,000, which amount he claims to have lost by putting it into the latter trust at the solicitation of the Claffins.

The honorary pall bearers at the funeral of Admiral Morton on Tuesday were: Vice-President Morton, Gen. Schofield, Senators Manderson and Hawley, Representative Boutwell, Rear Admirals Rogers, Almy, Howells, Crosby and Stevens, and Gov. Patterson of Pennsylvania.

Henry Bickel, the young fellow who worked himself into the good graces of Mary Hargreaves at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and skipped out a few days ago with her pocketbook containing \$50 in money and a \$300 check has been captured and returned to that city.

It is believed that Mrs. Millie Gaffner, wife of Dr. T. Gaffner, a prominent physician of Trenton, Ill., who disappeared last Sunday from St. John's hospital, St. Louis, where she had been sent for medical treatment, has committed suicide. A letter has been found in the room she occupied leading to that conclusion.

Ex-Gov. Alonzo B. Cornell of New York admits that he obtained money on commercial paper which he knew to be worthless.

The Soney art collection was sold recently at New York, many of the pictures being taken for European purchasers.

Secretary Blaine denies having written to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he would negotiate for reciprocity only with the liberal party in Canada.

George E. Smith, a well-to-do merchant of Osceola, Mich., committed suicide by taking morphine.

It is reported that Jay Gould, who is making a Southern tour, was taken suddenly ill at St. Augustine, Fla., and started for New York.

The Tennessee river is very high and still rising. The boom at London was carried away, causing a loss of \$40,000.

The Rev. J. E. June of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted a call to the First Universalist church at Decatur, Mich.

An epidemic of scarlet fever prevails in Galena, Ill., but is said to be on the wane. No deaths have been reported.

The Good Templars of Platt, Mason, Moultrie, Edgar, Douglas, Champaign and Vermilion counties held their district convention at Mansfield, Ill.

The steamer Batalean from Catana Island reports losing wreckage of the ship Fawn, which left San Pedro, Catana last Sunday. The occupants of the ship, Andrew Rulo and Alexander Urubant, merchants of San Pedro, were undoubtedly drowned.

A single man held up the assistant cashier and a clerk of the Citizens' Bank of Minneapolis, Minn., the other morning and swept the cash into a bag, but he was captured as he was leaving the building.

Contracts for the Ashland breakwater and the stone to die at Chequamegon Point have been let. Hugh Steele of Duluth, the former at \$25.35 and the latter at \$26.45 per foot.

Two entire families at St. Louis are at the point of death on account of poison contained in some henrichese. The victims are Lawrence Kreager, a butcher, his daughter Mary, aged 17, and Mrs. Kate Obeli, her son John, and her daughter.

Mr. Henry Waterson writes from Louisville that the letter recently published, purporting to be from him to Gov. Hill, of New York, is genuine.

The United States steel cruiser Baltimore has sailed from Toulon, France, for Chile.

In the House of Commons the bill to permit a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister passed its second reading by a vote of 202 to 153.

Since King Humbert's acceptance of Sig Crisp's resignation of the premiership and his retirement from public life the latter has decided to resume the practice of law.

A bank vault at Shepardsville, Ky., was blown open by burglars. They got \$100 but overlooked \$10,000.

The first triennial meeting of the Woman's National Council of the United States will open in Albaugh's opera house, Washington, Sunday, Feb. 22, and will continue through the 23d, 24th, and 25th of February.

The Tri-State Can company's factory at Keokuk, Iowa, burned, causing a loss of \$75,000; insured for \$60,000.

The J. H. Farley Cracker Manufacturing company, of Dubuque, Iowa, has been transferred to the American Biscuit company.

Two masked men chloroformed Mrs. Lindgren, near Manchester, Iowa, and stole a large amount of school money kept in the house.

It is said that unheeded of cruelties are practiced on the Jews in Russia by the authorities, with the knowledge and consent of the Czar.

Assistant Secretary of State William F. Wharton and Miss Susan C. Lay were married at Washington.

Harry M. Fleming borrowed much money, married a handsome girl, and stole watches at Chelsea, Mass., while pretending to be the son of President Bliss of the Boston & Albany railroad.

The old mansion at Appomattox, Va., in which Lee surrendered to Grant, has been purchased by a Niagara Falls (N. Y.) company, and will be made a museum for war relics.

The Ormonde Club of London offers a purse of \$10,000 for a boxing match of ten rounds between Slavik and Sullivan, the meeting to take place in the club room next autumn.

The Nebraska House passed the Australian ballot bill without a single dissenting vote. Representative Gale of Brown county read a threatening letter from some of his constituents, saying that he ought to be hanged for failing to stick to the Alliance party.

It is reported that Governor Bird is organizing the militia to elect intruders from the Chickasaw Nation. The commander at Fort Reno, I. T., declares that it is untrue that "boomers" are about to enter the Cherokee strip.

In connection with the baccarat scandal in which Sir William Gordon Cumming has become involved it was reported that a few months ago the Baronet was engaged to marry Lady Vernon's cousin, Miss Garnier of New York.

Emperor William has conferred the decoration of the Order of the Red Eagle upon Herr Widenbruch, the dramatist, in token of his pleasure in witnessing Widenbruch's play, "Neue Herr."

Bishop Hare has decided to resign his charge of the Episcopal diocese of South Dakota. He has been offered and accepted the charge of the Japanese mission.

Prince Eismarek has written to the Countess Andrassy requesting the loan of such letters and documents from among her late husband's papers relating to Count Andrassy's public life as may be likely to prove of assistance to him in writing his own memoirs.

The contract has been let for the building of the first dam for the improvement and utilization of the big water power of the St. Louis river above Duluth, which changed hands three months ago.

The conservatives in Canada are opposing reciprocity with the United States because it would lead to annexation.

Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, member of Parliament for Athlone and son of the leader of the anti-Parnell faction of the Irish party, announces that he will not seek a re-election, as he is absorbed in literary pursuits.

The managers of the Ironton Iron, Steel, and Tin company of Duluth announce that the contract for the machinery for the company tin mill has been let and will be ready when the iron plant is completed the coming summer.

A vein of gold-bearing ore yielding \$10,000 to the ton has been found at Florissant, Col.

A joint resolution asking Congress to enact a law providing for government loans on farm lands has passed both Houses of the California Legislature.

Allen Sheldon Alger, the 8-year-old son of Gen. Alger, died at Detroit, Mich.

The coldest blizzard in two years is reported in Texas. Flocks and herds were scattered. At Chattanooga, Tenn., over two inches of snow fell, and high water in the Tennessee river is expected.

A petition for assistance in the way of grain and provisions has been received at St. Louis from farmers of Kansas and Nebraska, living in the region of Republican City, Neb.

Jacob Nessy McCullough, vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad, died at Pittsburgh, leaving an estate worth \$14,000,000.

Baron Hirsch of Paris has created a trust fund of \$1,400,000 to aid immigration of Jews to America, naming a board of trustees of prominent Hebrews in this country who shall have charge of the fund.

Helena, Ala., was swept by a cyclone, several buildings being wrecked. Three persons were wounded.

In court at St. Louis Marshall F. McDonald, attorney for Vail, who is charged with murdering his wife to secure insurance money, confessed that he had secured Vail's overcoat, and defied any power to compel him to give it up. The grand jury will investigate the matter. Bullet marks in the garment make it an important link in the prosecution's chain of evidence.

James O'Grady of Syracuse, N. Y., is dying in great agony because of a reptile which has found its way into his stomach.

Spelman's Darling Leap.

John Spelman, son of the Peoria, Mo., distiller, who was being brought from St. Paul to answer to the charge of robbing the mails, escaped from the custody of an officer on a Northwestern train by jumping through the car window while the train was making thirty miles an hour. He succeeded in making his escape.

Col. Forsythe Completely Exonerated by the Secretary of War.

Washington telegram: The President and Secretary of War have sustained Col. Forsythe's management of the Wounded Knee engagement, contrary to the advice of Gen. Miles.

The also one of any and all congratulatory tributes to Gen. Miles in the Secretary's report or decision is said by army people to be significant. It is evident that the Department is far from satisfied with the results of the Sioux campaign.

Knock Out For Miles.

At Dubuque, Iowa, Conductor John Corcoran of the Milwaukee road had a fight with his brakeman, John Mahoney, a few days ago in a saloon. Corcoran's nose was nearly bitten off in the melee.

Blood-poisoning set in and Corcoran's head was swollen fearfully. All the lines of his face are obliterated and he is a frightful object to look at. He will probably die. The bystanders had to pry open Mahoney's mouth with a stick to loosen his hold.

Big Blaze at Albany.

Perry's large stove factory was destroyed by fire and is a complete loss.

ADMIRAL PORTER DEAD.

THE HEAD OF OUR NAVY DIES SUDDENLY AT WASHINGTON.

His Death Was Unexpected, Though He Had Been Ailing for Over a Year—His Career.

Washington telegram: Admiral Porter of the United States navy died at his residence here yesterday. His death was unexpected, for although he had been an invalid for a year or more, he had been reported as better of late, and there were no previous signs of the sudden termination of his life. His disease was an affection of the heart.

Admiral Porter's services during the late war were of a distinguished character. He was unable to attend generally to his official duties during the last two or three years, and his death was almost daily expected. Some months ago, however, a marked improvement in his condition was reported, and since that time there had been no warning of the end, which came unexpectedly.

So unexpected was his death that the members of his family who were in the city and even some members of the family in an adjoining room were not present at his bedside until after he had breathed his last. There had been no indications of late of immediate trouble. At 3 o'clock the nurse observed some unfamiliar symptoms and two of his sons who were in the house were summoned and a physician sent for. Within five minutes he was dead, his two sons and nurse being the only ones at his bedside. Even they did not realize the extent of his trouble until he had ceased to breathe.

Physicians who arrived shortly after his death made every effort to resuscitate him, but it soon became evident that the spark of life was absolutely extinct.

The President officially announced the death of Admiral Porter in the following message to Congress:

"TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: The admiral of the navy, David Dixon Porter, died at his residence in the city of Washington this morning at 8:45 o'clock in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He entered the naval service as a midshipman Feb. 2, 1829, and had been since continuously in service, having been made admiral Aug. 15, 1870. He was the son of Commodore David Porter, one of the greatest of our naval commanders. His service during the civil war was conspicuous, brilliant and successful, and his death ends a very high and honorable career. His countrymen will sincerely mourn his loss, while they cherish with grateful pride the memory of his deeds. To officers of the navy his life will continue to yield inspiration and encouragement."

The President also directed that the national flag be displayed at half-mast over all public buildings throughout the United States until after the funeral, and that public business in the departments at Washington be suspended on the day of the funeral.

KILLED HELPLESS INDIANS.

The Redskins' Version of the Wounded Knee Battle.

The Sioux Indian conference was concluded and the Indians started for home, going by the way of Philadelphia and Carlisle. The feature of the meeting was the story of the fight at Wounded Knee, which was told by Turning Hawk and American Horse. Turning Hawk said: "When our people, who had been frightened away, were returning to Pine Ridge and when they had almost reached the agency, they were met by the soldiers and surrounded and finally taken to the Wounded Knee Creek and there at a given time their guns were demanded, and when they had delivered them up the men were separated from their families, from their tepees, and taken to a certain spot, their guns having been given up. When the guns were thus taken and the men thus separated, there was a crazy man, a young man of very bad character, and in fact a nobody among that bunch of Indians fired his gun, and of course the firing of a gun must have been the breaking of a military rule of some sort, because immediately the soldiers returned the fire, and the indiscriminate killing followed."

INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Mighty Men from South Dakota Call on the President.

The Indian chiefs who now are in Washington City called at the White House in a body and paid their respects to the President. They were accompanied by Commissioner of Indian Affairs and several interpreters. The reception took place in the East Room, the close of the regular tri-weekly reception to the public.

The Indians ranged themselves in a circle and listened attentively to a short address by the President.

He pointed out the folly of their going to war with the whites, and made it plain that if they made any more trouble they would be punished. He told them they must leave the young men not to be warriors but citizens and endeavor to earn their own living by some peaceful industry. The government, he said, would protect every Indian who was disposed to be peaceful and industrious. The Indians then shook hands with the President and withdrew.

ENGINE MEN CRUSHED.

Four Railway Men Killed in a Collision at Elmira.

The Lackawanna train leaving Buffalo at 7:30 o'clock at night, at Elmira, N. Y., collided here with a W. & O. train. The passengers all received a severe shaking up. The engineer of the express train, James Powers, was badly crushed and removed from the track in a dying condition. His fireman, name unknown, was fatally injured. James Powers, nephew of the engineer, who was employed on the wild engine, was badly injured internally and died within half an hour. The fireman of the wild engine, Albert Englehart, was also killed. The engineer was badly hurt, but will probably recover.

Chewed Off His Conductor's Nose.

At Dubuque, Iowa, Conductor John Corcoran of the Milwaukee road had a fight with his brakeman, John Mahoney, a few days ago in a saloon. Corcoran's nose was nearly bitten off in the melee.

Blood-poisoning set in and Corcoran's head was swollen fearfully. All the lines of his face are obliterated and he is a frightful object to look at. He will probably die. The bystanders had to pry open Mahoney's mouth with a stick to loosen his hold.

Big Blaze at Albany.

Perry's large stove factory was destroyed by fire and is a complete loss.

CLEVELAND AND FREE COINAGE

The Ex-President Pronounces It a Dangerous Experiment.

Between 600 and 700 people attended the mass-meeting at Cooper Union, New York City, to oppose the Silver bill, in a response to a call of the Reform Club. E. Ellery Anderson presided, and among letters of regret that were read was this, under date of Feb. 10, from ex-President Cleveland:

My Dear Sir: I have received your note inviting me to attend a meeting called for the purpose of voicing the opposition of the business men of our city to the free coinage of silver in the United States. I shall not be able to attend and address the meeting as you request, but I am glad that the business interests of New York are at least to be heard on the subject.

It surely cannot be necessary for me to make a formal expression of my agreement with those who believe that the greatest evils would be initiated by the adoption of the scheme embraced in the measure now pending in Congress for an unlimited coinage of silver at our mints. If we have developed an unexpected capacity for the assimilation of a largely increased volume of the currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, these conditions fall far short of insuring us against disaster if in the present situation we enter upon the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Resolutions condemning unlimited coinage were passed. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild was the chief speaker in opposition to the pending Silver bill.

WRECK ON THE WABASH ROAD.

Two Men Killed and Half a Dozen Injured Near St. Louis.

There was a collision on the Wabash railroad near Inglefield, just west of the city limits of St. Louis, Mo., this morning between two freight trains in which two persons were killed and several wounded. The killed are:

WILLIAM BUSCH, brakeman on the Wabash.

JOHN KEEFE, head brakeman on the St. Louis Kansas City & Northern.

The wounded are:

D. H. HODGKINS, conductor on the Wabash railroad, leg broken.

JAMES CONLEY, fireman on the Wabash road, back injured.

B. H. HILL, brakeman on the Wabash road, scratched and bruised.

GEORGE H. KELLY, engineer on the Wabash train, bruised and cut; hand cut.

EDWARD FOLEY, boy of 10 years, cut and bruised, but not seriously.

LEONARD QUINN, a boy of 16, bruised on back and left foot.

The engines and eight or ten cars were completely wrecked.

PLAYING POKER.

Serious Charges Against the House Committee on Accounts.

In Washington some severe criticisms are being made against members of the House committee on accounts. It is charged that they daily go into their committee-room, lock the door, and spend the hours behind "bol-tall shushes" and other combinations, to the exclusion of those who have business to transact before them.

Witnesses before the various investigating committees who come from a distance cannot have their allowances approved or get their pay without the scrutiny of this committee, and they are nearly always unable to get in at the door, although through a side window the members of the committee can be seen sitting quietly about the tables.

Complaint has been made to the speaker, who promises to break up the game and compel the festive gamblers to seek less public quarters.

MURDERED AND MUTILATED.

Another White Chapel Woman Killed by Jack the Ripper.

A policeman on duty in White Chapel, London, found the dead body of a young woman with her throat cut from ear to ear. The police refuse to give details, but it is rumored that the woman's body was mutilated after the same manner as the victims of Jack the Ripper.

Indeed, this murder is already put down to him. The murdered woman was one well known in the disolute class.

Handy with Their Revolvers.

From a letter from Postmaster Scott at Shawneetown, Okla. on Terr., and reports brought by other parties it would seem that a veritable reign of terror exists in that vicinity. The trouble arose over the killing of a negro in the latter store, in consequence of which the negro named Scott was killed. Everybody goes armed and nobody stays out of the house after dark.

Mr. Scott says he fears an attack from one Bob Carman and his Texas friends, and closes his letter with the following: "You may expect more hot work from here."

The country is full of desperadoes and they are all on the shoot.

Fatal Row in a Gambling House.

From Butte, Montana: A desperate affray in a saloon this morning resulted in the shooting of three gamblers named Levan, Boyer, and Sheerin. Levan played heavily at the game of which Sheerin was dealer, and early this morning asked the latter for a \$50 loan. Being refused Levan began firing, and both he and Sheerin emptied their revolvers. A bystander named Boyer was fatally injured, and two principals were seriously wounded. Sheerin will probably die. There were 100 men in the room at the time.

Farmers Forming a Trust.

At Austin, Minnesota, arrangements are being made here whereby a sub-trust of the Farmers' National Trust will be organized. This is one of the most gigantic schemes that was ever agitated. The far-reaching fraternity of the whole Northwest, consisting of 60,000 men, proposes to form this trust and make their own market. Men of shrewd and broad intellect are at the head of this combative scheme, and before the seed ripens for '89 the farmer will know what he is doing.

Each Trouble Over a Car of Beer.

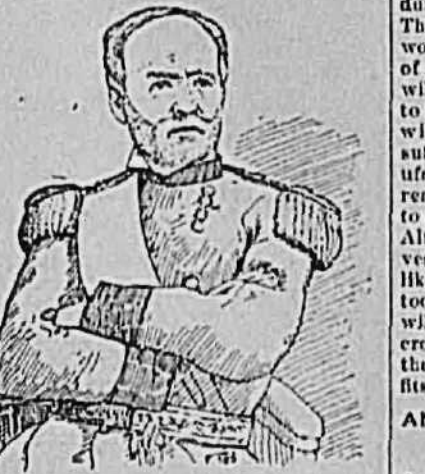
A Fort Dodge, Ind., special says the Law and Order League of Boone seized a carload of beer shipped to the Coon Bottling works from the United States Brewing company of Chicago. The seizure was made while the car was sidetracked on the Northwestern. The railroad company proved that the beer was intended for the Finkelstein Bottle Works at Omaha and that the car had stopped at Boone to unload five barrels of unfarmenated malt. The confiscated beer was accordingly turned over to the railway company again.

GENERAL SHERMAN DEAD

THE UNEQUAL WAR ENDED AT LAST.

After a Heroic Struggle He Yields Up the Spark of Life to the Fell Destroyer.

New York telegram: Gen. William T. Sherman has breathed his last. The time of his demise was 1:50 o'clock Saturday, New York time.



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

So extraordinary have been the variations of Gen. Sherman's condition that Drs. Alexander and Janaway announce that they can state only facts, and no predictions or calculations can be made with any degree whatever of certainty.

Dr. Alexander says that there were moments during the last few days when he could have said with absolute certainty, so far as any human judgment can be certain, that Gen. Sherman would not live five minutes. From midnight Friday on he began to fall again, as he had failed several times before. He grew weaker every hour. His glands swelled. His throat filled with mucus. The erysipelas left him, but it did not depart without impressing an indelible imprint in a complete prostration of its victim.

He passed quietly away.

He will be buried in St. Louis, Mo.

OVER FORTY LIVES LOST.

Caused by a Terrible Boiler Explosion at Quebec.

A Quebec, Can., special says: At 9:15 a.m. yesterday in the Quebec Woollen company's factory at Hare point the boiler exploded completely demolishing the engine house and about half of the factory. A large number of hands were buried in the ruins.

The factory of the worsted company is a complete wreck, and gangs of men are at work taking out the dead and dying. Up to thirty bodies have been recovered, and the work of rescue was kept steadily on.

Among those taken out dead was Engineer Thomas Hayles and fireman John Doyle. The cause of the explosion is unknown, but it is supposed that the feed-pipe of the boiler was frozen. About 100 operatives were employed in the factory. They were mostly French-Canadian girls, many of whom were among the killed and wounded.

It is estimated that the fatalities will reach in number between forty and fifty.

The spectacle of the wreck a short time after the explosion was a thrilling and heart-rending. Thousands were attracted to the scene by the noise of the concussion, and the police had difficulty in contending with the multitude, keeping them back in their places so as to allow ingress and egress to the corps of rescuers and give the latter force opportunity to carry on their work.

From amid the debris in many places could be heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the agonized appeals for help from those pinned beneath portions of the falling building. As rapidly as possible the workers reached by the men at work and relieved from their peril—some to die in a few moments in their way to the improvised hospitals in the neighborhood, but others with injuries that were not of a fatal nature. Priests were on the spot administering the last rites to the dying; and, all in all, the scene was the most harrowing ever witnessed in this community.

Battery B has been ordered out to assist the police in keeping order. The works had been closed down for three weeks, but notice was given that they would reopen this morning and about 300 operatives assembled ready for work. For some reason, not explained, but probably on account of the boiler feed being out of order, they were dismissed, but many remained lounging around the works, and were there when the explosion occurred. Had they been working at the time hundreds would have perished.

CRAZY OVER THE FAITH CURE.

The Town of Mount Pulaski, Ill., in the Throes of a Revival.

According to a telegram there is great excitement at Mount Pulaski over the faith cure craze, and it is said that churches and schools and children are overcome with trances and break out singing faith cure hymns during school hours.

The Rev. Anxier, the faith cure evangelist, claims he has had a revelation from God that parties were seeking his life, and he has purchased three revolvers to protect himself. He threatens to call to his assistance a crowd of men who he says will burn the town. The people threaten to egg him out of town. Seventeen persons were in a trance at one time. A public meeting of the citizens will be held to take steps to stop this excitement and quiet matters down.

SUNDAY READING.

SERIOUS AND INSTRUCTIVE MATTER FOR THE RELIGIOUSLY INCLINED.

Deep Life Before Great Work—The New Birth—God's Claim Upon Our Time—Etc., Etc.

Judge not; the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from some well-won field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight, May be a token, that below The soul has closed in deadly fight With some internal fiery foe, Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace.

And cast thee shuddering on thy face! The fall thou darest to despise— May be the angel's slackened hand Has suffered it, that he may rise And take a firmer, surer stand; Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see, With hopeful pity, not disdain; The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain And love and glory that may raise This soul to God in after days! —Adelaide Proctor, in Christian Union.

Deep Life Before Great Work.

Most busy people who have a deep interest in their work cherish the hope that the time will come when that work will be pursued without interruption; when life will become a quiet library for the trying of an experiment, a silent library for the writing of a book, or a noiseless studio for the painting of a picture. But for most men such a time never comes. Life is so arranged that we get not what we like, but what we need. Nothing seems more alluring than the opportunity of shutting out the whole world and giving one's entire strength and thought to the work in hand; nothing would tell so disastrously on the character of that work as the realization of this dream. It is the constant interruption of vital experience, the constant intrusion into the well-ordered routine of care and suffering and the vicissitudes of actual life, that give a man that knowledge and that sympathy out of which great work is born. Dante would doubtless have preferred a quiet life in Florence, but such a life would have cost the world the Divine Comedy. The great thing, after all, is to have something to express, and one can have neither profound experiences nor great thoughts nor deep sympathies unless he submits himself to the education of those common experiences which make up human life. To live deeply is the first condition of doing a great work, and to live deeply one must live in the broad current where other men's interests and sufferings, no less than his own, jostle against him, and at times all but overwhelm him.—Christian Union.

The New Birth.

I do not believe that the new birth is merely a renovation of the old carnal mind or spirit. But that it is such a change as makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus. And that it makes us to be the workmanship of God, created in Christ Jesus unto good works in which God hath before ordained that we should walk. I believe it is a change so radical that in being born of the Spirit we put off the old man with his deeds; and that we put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him who created him. I believe that the new birth puts us in Christ; and that if any man is in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away; that in Christ Jesus neither circumcision avails anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. I believe that in being born of the Spirit, we put off the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and that we put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. I believe that a man must be born of the Spirit in order to enter into the kingdom of God, or be one of his children; and when so born, that the seed of God remains in the man, so that the new spiritual man does not and cannot sin, because he is a partaker of the divine nature, and to sin would corrupt that nature. I believe that when a man is born of the Spirit, he is crucified with Christ, nevertheless he lives; yet I do not believe it is he as he was before. But that now, it is Christ living in the man, and that the life he now lives he lives by the faith of the Son of God and a joint heir with Christ; and is kept by the power of God, so that all the hosts of hell cannot beat him out of a home in heaven. But that when he is done with this sin-cursed world, he shall go home to rest in glory with God.—Rev. Swafford, in Texas Baptist and Herald.

God's Claim Upon Time.

Most of us take a false view of time with respect to God. We think of time as our own, and assume the right to allot such a portion of it to God and his service as we see fit. Some outwardly very pious people really allow God but one-seventh of the week. Others aim to give him more than this, but the more they give, the more credit they take to themselves, so that really they are but making God buy the extra time with an equivalent measure of his favor.

Now the truth is that God owns absolutely all the time that exists; for he made both time and us, and what he has never alienated from himself must still be his. The question is not "How much time ought I give to God's service?" but "How can I most wisely apportion all his time to the different services he requires of me?" So that it does not reduce to a matter of secular and religious time sharing; the religious time belong-

ing to God, and the secular time belonging to man. We serve God just as truly in our studies, in our tasks, in our recreations, as we do in our church work—if only we put God's spirit into all we do. Why should Monday be less sacred than Sunday? All time is sacred, and all work is sacred, because in all time, and all activity we are either serving or dishonoring God by the spirit that is in us. Tennyson sings, "Our wills are ours to make them Thine." The same is true of what we call our time—it is ours to make it God's.—Zion's Herald.

One Kind of Christianity.

On a holy-day not long since a lady belonging to our "upper ten" went to Trinity church, and seeing a lady alone in a favorable pew went forward and entered the pew. The occupant looked up from her prayer-book and said: "This is my pew; and if others come there will be no room for you." The lady in question bowed and left, and on seeing only one person directly in front of the seat she had just left stepped into the pew. At the same moment the first Christian (P) leaned forward and spoke a few words to the second, who said to the stranger: "I think friends may come, who will require these seats." Upon which the stranger left the second pew; and while standing for a moment in the aisle, wondering if she could have made a mistake in the church, an old friend and one of the most distinguished members of the congregation opened his door, inviting her to enter. After the service he told her that she "would be welcome to a seat there at any and all times."

The two Christian women were evidently surprised at the stranger's friendly reception, and afterward expressed their chagrin, particularly as their not recognizing the thought-to-be intruder was a reflection upon themselves. Should this meet the eye of either of those ladies it is to be hoped at another time they may consent to be more courteous and more worthy to be numbered among Phillips Brooks' flock.—Boston Courier.

True Greatness.

One of the hardest things for the ordinary man to do is to confess, "I have made a mistake." Our pride rebels against acknowledging anything like a failure upon our part. We are naturally inclined to throw the blame upon others, and to take none of it ourselves. It requires moral nerve to assume our due share of responsibility in any reverse sustained or wrong done. Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault." A less honorable and frank man would have sought to find a scape-goat for the miscarriage of his plans. As Goldsmith truly remarks, "His confession shows more greatness than his victories." He who confesses his mistakes not only evinces a nobility of spirit, but is likely to guard against them in the future, as well as to make amends for them as far as may be in his power.—Sci.

"Keep Thyself Pure."

What the Christian Standard says below of an evangelist will apply with equal force to every man who ever named the name of Christ:

The conduct of an evangelist in the presence of ladies should be most exemplary. An unbecoming familiarity with women, either in or out of the church, if known, will kill his influence, and the meeting will die on his hands. If it is not generally known, he knows it himself, and he is a base hypocrite who persists in preaching the gospel while he disgraces its Author. Paul wrote to Timothy, "Keep thyself pure." An evangelist ought to be a clean man. He should not use tobacco in any form. He will lose his influence upon the people if he persists in this habit. How can a preacher persuade other men to deny self when he cannot, or will not, do so himself? An evangelist must be a pattern of personal neatness. His appearance should always be tidy. He cannot win men if he is slovenly and dirty. He need not be a fop, but should always see that his clothes are becoming and clean.

Old Age.

At one time when Dean Stanley was sixty years of age, a little boy said to him, with a child's frankness, "Why, all your life is over." To which the dean replied, "Oh, no, the best is yet to come!" With the same serene hope he spoke of death, on another occasion, as follows:

The soul finds itself on the mountain ridge over-looking the unknown future; our company before is gone; the kinsfolk and friends of many years are passed over the dark river, and we are left alone with God. We know not in the shadow of the night who it is that touches us—we feel only that the everlasting arms are closing us in; the morning breaks, we are bid to depart in peace, for by a strength not our own we have prevailed and the path is made clear before us.—Sci.

But.

It is by doing our duty that we learn to do it. So long as men dispute whether or no a thing is their duty, they never get the nearer. Let them set ever so weakly about doing it, and the face of things alters. They find in themselves strength which they knew not of. Difficulties which it seemed to them they could not get over, disappear. For He accompanies it with the influence of His blessed Spirit, and each performance opens our minds for larger influxes of His grace, and places them in communion with Him.—E. B. Tusey, in Signs of the Times.

Life without industry is guilt.—Ruskin.

COMPOSITE HUMANITY.

MAN MAY BE BOUND IN HALF Calf OR DOGSKIN.

By Swapping Skin and Bones With the Brutes, the Future Man May Cast Sheep's Eyes at His Fellow in Earnest —Borrowed Notes.

Slowly and surely the word "impossible" is becoming obsolete in the lexicon of surgery, as each year sees triumphantly performed under the scalpel of the skilled practitioner feats undreamed of a decade before.

Following rapidly upon the track of a successful operation in Texas in which the diseased collar bone of a patient was replaced by a portion of the osseous anatomy of a sheep, came the clean removal of a diseased lobe of a child's brain in a Philadelphia hospital, the successful patching of a lacerated stomach, removed and replaced in the operation, and a most remarkable case of bone grafting in New York.

In the last instance the removed bone of a lad's calf was supplanted by one from a spaniel's leg, a severed end of the latter being splinted to the calf, and both boy and dog carefully tended until the knitting was effected, when the strange pair were separated and human and canine patient nursed back to health and strength.

These are but a few illustrations of the strides taken by modern surgery. But they suffice, even without further trust in the future, to make average humanity thankful for its nineteenth century existence.

When one of Noah's grandchildren lost a finger in a hay cutter or an arm in a buzz-saw, or had an eye put out or a leg cut off, or lost his hair or teeth, he was forced to go without the item thus deducted from his sum total for the rest of his mortal life. It is hard to credit the amount of patching up that may now be accomplished by the advanced processes and inventions of these days.

Suppose that a man has lost all four limbs, his hair, his eyes, his nose, all his teeth and a portion of his palate; he has a fractured skull and tubercles on his lungs. The gentleman may also be covered with the pits of an early case of small-pox, and may have been presented at his birth with a large mole on his cheek.

First, of course, he will have his head trepanned by some skillful surgeon, and when he has had the tubercles removed from his lungs by a specialist in pulmonary diseases and has recovered from the exhausting effects of these two operations he will be in a proper state to have his eyes attended to. A rabbit is selected whose optics are of a color becoming to the subject, and one of them is transplanted by means of transfusion. Of course he could hardly expect to have both eyes successfully supplied in this way, but supposing he has good luck and one grows satisfactorily, the other socket, for the sake of beauty and symmetry, will be filled by one of the glass eyes now manufactured to such perfection.

His next proceeding will be to call in a maker of artificial limbs and be measured for a full suit of arms and legs.

If the patient is fortunate enough to have one arm down to the wrist, he will be supplied with a hand with which he can manage to write a little and feed himself quite perfectly. His lower limbs will convey him from place to place, not very gracefully, to be sure, but still as well as many merely lame legs convey their owners, and which, sitting or resting, will present, perhaps, a more symmetrical appearance than the originals they have succeeded.

The once total wreck is still bald, toothless and disfigured with pockmarks and a mole. An artificial set of teeth, quite as good as the original article and incapable of aching, will be supplied by any good dentist, and the missing portion of the palate also will be furnished. Then the hair would naturally be his next thought.

He may have hair or portions of scalp transplanted to the uncovered cranium. But this is a long and painful process, so we will suppose that the subject contents himself with a wig. Fortunately, in these days wigs are made which are entirely deceptive and so far as appearance goes, look quite as well as nature's own production.

The beauty seeker next goes to that artist of recent growth, the "dermatologist," who first destroys his mole by "electrolysis," and then gets to work upon the pockmarks. These are smoothed by a disintegrating process, which loosens up the fibrous structure of the scars and smooths down the whole face by a sort of planing method. He is still disfigured by the want of a nose, certainly a most important lack in a human countenance. This feature may now be supplied by surgery by transplanting a fold of flesh from some living arm, which is held near to the face to be repaired until a portion of the fold has grown fast in its new situation, and then is wholly separated from the arm and forms a fairly satisfactory nasal appendage.

Here the former human wreck may walk about the streets or call upon his feminine acquaintances, quite capable of appreciating their charms, for he has one available eye. He may smile also, for his molars and incisors are

now plentiful and of pearly whiteness, and though his nose may be a trifle pudding-like and lack Grecian symmetry of line, his delicate complexion and luxuriant hair largely compensate for this trifling defect.

He will never, of course, be a satisfactory partner in the waltz, but his dignified repose and symmetrical limbs must make him an ornament to the reception and conversation.

Thus, while the vital organs remain within the trunk and the gray matter of the brain is intact a man need not despair, and surgeons believe that we may soon expect to see the ill-furnished cranium supplied with such qualities as it lacks, and poets, painters, inventors and philosophers manufactured out of the raw material of the idiot ward and the stage door contingent.

Shorthand Has a Limit.

There are limits to shorthand. Every honest stenographer will admit that no person is able to report the most rapid speakers or to follow with accuracy an argument which consists of many references to scientific books, and contains quotations which must be accurately recorded. In practice, wherever a speaker makes use of many quotations, particularly of poetry or of statistics, the stenographer is always anxious to be supplied with the quoted parts. Among the very best stenographers the practical impossibility of one writer being able to record the most difficult speaking with accuracy is so well recognized that in the most important cases a system of check notes is always observed so that points which may be missed by one writer will be caught by another. This is really not an unusual practice, and it has been found to be absolutely essential in many cases.

In shorthand writing there are many expedients, there are many omissions of sounds and letters, so that a great deal of the accuracy of transcribing depends upon the intelligence of the transcriber. There are comparatively few words which are written out in the shorthand notes. It is true that some expert writers are able to write words almost fully, and there are some who write so fully that their notes may be transcribed by others; but the great majority of shorthand writers write notes which can be read only by themselves, and which are in most cases but suggestions of words.

A Lovely Time.

Oh! dear, mamma, we've had such fun Since you have been away; We got the brand new microscope That aunt bought yesterday, And took a drop of vinegar To look at, and, oh! dear, The things we saw a-wiggling 'round Were very, very queer. Some had no heads, and there was scarce A leg among them all, And many of the bigger ones Kept swallowing the small. It scared us awfully to see Them act so strange and bad, But, oh! mamma, you can't think what A lovely time we had!

Even So.

The first half of man's life, 'tis true, He spends in finding what to do; The other half, say if he can't, He spends in learning what to don't.

Started the Graveyard.

Out in the Erie coal fields near Burlington, Col., a few years ago a lean, freckle-faced fellow, with high Spanish heels on his boots, walked into the Stone and Quartz saloon, at Burlington, and leaning his long body on his bony arms on the bar, turned round to the half dozen loiterers in the place, and with a drawl drew his lantern jaw down on his flannel shirt and said: "How long has this yer camp been a runnin'?"

"Two years," replied the bartender, without raising his eyes.

"Graveyard begun yet?"

"Not yet."

"'Bout time the camp had one, S'pose I start one?"

One bony arm left the bar. It never reached its owner's belt. There was a noise that sounded like a man dropping a log chain in an empty hardware store, and this noise was followed by a crash of exploding six shooters from the holsters. A curtain of white smoke rolled up against the ceiling. The man at the bar made a lurch and then fell upon the floor. Six bullets were in his body.

A graveyard was started in Burlington next morning. The lean man started it himself. Burlington is now wiped out, but high up on Bear Rib Butte is one grave. It is the only one the camp left.—N. Y. Dispatch.

His Sources of Information.

A Washington young man, whose pen has made him indirectly acquainted with many discriminating roadsters, recently became more than discreetly intimate with the cup that cheers, and is now wondering whether he has really signed an agreement to ship as a sailor on an ice boat. If he is under such obligation seamen must be rather scarce, for a conversation something as follows took place between him and the officer:

"Have you any knowledge of the business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Glad to hear it. Where did you get it?"

"I have a vast fund of nautical information which I acquired by reading sea stories that I wrote myself."—Washington Post.

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LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

Two lovers by the old front gate,
So young and all alone!
The village clock tolls, late! late! late!
Twelve times in solemn tone.
"No, no!"
A deep voice says aloud,
"Sweetheart, don't go
Till the moon goes under a cloud."
The queen of night rides high in space
Serenely bright and fair;
Her kisses gild the young swain's face,
The maiden's glossy hair.
"Tis late,
And all their vows are vowed;
Why wait and wait,
Till the moon goes under a cloud?"
The fair girl's dewy lips repeat:
"Good night is not good-bye;
But love in youth is very sweet,
And village maidens are shy."
Dear one,
With head so sweetly bowed—
Don't run, don't run,
Till the moon goes under a cloud.
—George Horlon.

WE MADE THE MATCH.



WHAT fun it would be!" said Ida Newman, helping herself to a piece of cake.
"It's the best notion!" shrieked Lottie Burns, taking a candied cherry from a paper.
"You had better enjoy the joke less audibly, or we'll have some one coming to see what is the matter," interposed Grace Carleton in a whisper.
The three girls were sitting upon the floor near the open window in their sleeping-room, surreptitiously enjoying the dainties that Lottie's married sister, who had been to boarding school and knew all about it, had smuggled in an innocent-looking parcel that morning.
They were all supposed to be in bed. The time devoted to recreation—in which they played battledore and shuttlecock or grace-hoops in the long school-room—had passed; the hour during which Miss Chesney read aloud from some good book not calculated to offend the religious prejudices of anyone, while the pupils crocheted or knitted or "went on" mysteries in worsted-work, had passed as usual; they had had pray-ers, and retired to their dormitories, and after a certain space the gas had been turned off; and here they were up again, each wrapped in a counterpane, endeavoring to ruin their youthful digestions by the light of the midnight moon.
"She has no business to peep and pry as she does," said Ida, "and go about soot-footed and pop down on us when she is least expected to do so."
"Of course she hasn't," said Lottie.
"Let us do it!" said Grace.
"I can see him with my own eyes," said Ida. "I believe he is writing poetry."

The three girls got upon their knees, and looked through the optical instrument in question, which had been in use before and now stood upon the window-sill.
"No, he is copying music," said Grace.
"Oh, dear how funny he is, with his big nose and his bald head—quite a comic character!"
"Sentimental, too—he'd believe it all," said Ida.
"The question is," said Lottie, "what are we to write to her? He may believe a lady has sent for him because she has fallen in love with him as he appears at present; but if we were to write to her that an elderly gentleman had done the same thing, she would instantly tell her respected principal, let loose the watch-dog lock herself in her own room, send for the magistrate, and never come out again until the villain was arrested."
"That is true," said Ida. "Miss Chesney is roper to the tips of her toes. Prudence Chesney—doesn't the name suit her? I tell you what we will do, girls; we'll write to her that a poor but worthy gentleman whom she once knew is in great distress, and begs a little assistance."
"She'll be sure to answer that," said Lottie; "she gives away her small change to every beggar on the road."
"Yes, and she doesn't get too much of herself, either," said Grace.
"Oh, any—it would be too bad!"
However, the spirit of fun, and the utter heartlessness of her companions overcame her, and by the light of a well-preserved wax candle the trio indited the following notes—the first as follows:

"Dear Sir—I am a teacher in—Institute, and being in possession of an opera-glass, often spent more time than I would be willing to confess to in watching you as you sat at your window engaged, I doubt not, in musical composition. The balmy breeze even brings to me sometimes the magic strains of your violin. May I dare to beg an interview? I should like to see more of one of whom I think so often."
"PRUDENCE CHESNEY."
"P. S.—I shall be in the grove in the school garden at half-past seven this evening."
"Lovely!" cried the girls, when Lottie read this composition aloud to them.
"Now what is the individual's name?" asked Lottie.
"Peter Palmer, Professor of Music," giggled Ida. "Oh, Peter, you don't know what we are doing over here," and she threw a kiss toward the window of the house in the village street at which the unconscious musician sat at work. "Now for the other letter, Lottie. Lottie consid-

"Father gets lots of begging letters," said she; "they usually begin like this: 'Dear Madam—in this case—You may not remember my name, but I was once an old friend. Fortune has smiled on you and frowned on me. I am in great need of temporary assistance in order to reach London, where I am sure of obtaining a position under Government, &c., &c. Then I will indicate the grove and the hour, and sign 'Peter Palmer.'"
"Splendid!" cried the other girls, and these precious missives were directed and stamped, and tucked under Lottie's pillow that they might be posted in the morning, and posted they were; and when in the twilight the three girls saw Miss Chesney in her best dress too, steal out of her home and take her way towards the grove they were delighted. Up to their dormitory they rushed, and through the open glass soon beheld the musician picking his way along the dusty road. He had on a blue necktie, and wore a rosebud in his button hole, and before he entered the grove he paused and dusted his boots with an old pocket-handkerchief, which he afterwards carefully concealed in his coat-tail pockets, while he arranged a snow-white and spotless one so that its edge should be just visible above his belt.
"If we could only see them meet," said Lottie.
"It would be dangerous," said Ida. "I believe we have committed forgery."

Grace began to cry.
"I declare, we have been too bad," said she. "I don't mind about Peter, but Miss Chesney will feel awfully."
Meanwhile that lady was waiting in the grove, and shortly heard a step upon the path which led to the road. She waited hardly daring to look up until a figure stood before her: then she lifted her eyes. She had expected to see a squalid object in rags, or at least patches; the neat appearance of the musician relieved her mind. He spoke at once:
"It is so good of you to meet me here," he said. "I have known for some time that you were teaching in this school, but the painful circumstances of our last meeting deterred me from making myself known."

"It is a long while ago," said Miss Chesney, looking down. But I am glad you still consider me your friend."
"My very dearest, while I live," said Peter Palmer, smiling, "and that you have proved your confidence in me by—by what you have done."
"I always felt," said Peter, "that others were to blame."
"They were," said Prudence. "Some falsehoods were uttered. No matter, those who uttered them are no more."
"But we live," said Peter, with emphasis. Prudence was regaining her composure which had been a little disturbed by recognizing in the musician an old friend, one indeed to whom she had been engaged at the age of eighteen, and whom she had never quite forgotten.
"We will talk of the present," said she. "I desire to assure you of my sympathy with your distress."
"It changes, as you speak, to happiness and hope," said Peter.
"If my power were equal to my will, you would suffer no more," said Prudence. "But, unhappily, I am entirely dependent on my own resources. My poor father failed before he died, and I have only a limited salary; still, I have saved something—enough, I hope, to take you to London, and you are very, very welcome to it."

Here she took from a small reticule upon her arm an envelope which she handed to Peter. He, for his part, stared at her in astonishment, growing crimson as he did so.
"Ten pounds is not much," said Prudence. But—
"You are offering me ten pounds?" asked Peter.
"Yes, only that; but can't you go to London with it?" asked Prudence. "I believe the tickets—"
"You want me to go to London?" asked Peter. "Why?"
"Unless I misunderstand your note, Mr. Palmer, you hope for a position under government there," said Prudence.
"My note!" repeated Peter. "Have I answered your kind letter? and forgotten that I did so?" At all events, I never dreamed of a political situation anywhere. Really, Miss Chesney, there is some strange mistake."
"My kind letter!" cried Prudence. "Mr. Palmer, I did not even know that you were in the village until you wrote to me asking—that is, in alluding to our old friendship and your ill-fortune."
"Here is your note," said Mr. Palmer, taking the letter from his bosom.
"And here is yours," said Miss Chesney, opening her reticule.
"The girls of the first class are responsible for this," said she.
"For this also," said Peter. "Happily, by good luck, and though leading a quiet life, I am rather well off than otherwise; happy and content, but for a memory of the past that will recur."

"I am deeply mortified!" began Miss Chesney.
Then Peter Palmer drew closer to her and took her hand.
"You are the innocent victim of an atrocious and idiotic trick," said he. "But, Prudence, I shall thank Heaven for it if it is but the cause of bringing us together again. I have altered much outwardly, but my heart is the same as in my youth, and you are just as sweet as ever." She did look so at that moment as

the memories of her youth came rushing back upon her; and in her eyes Peter Palmer was not at all the funny, middle-aged bachelor that he was to the laughing school girls, but just her own old sweetheart who still loved her.
"Just to think of it!" cried Lottie Burns, a month or so after this. "Miss Chesney is going to be married to Peter Palmer, Professor of Music."
"What!" shrieked the other girls. "Honor bright!" said Lottie. "We must have made the match!"
Well, girls, said Grace, "for my part I am glad it has ended this way, and I propose we take up a collection for a silver water-pitcher from the class as a wedding present."
It was Lottie who presented it, and she never knew, nor did any of the other girls, how forbearing Miss Chesney had been in not exposing them.

An Affection Incident.

The conflagration of the scaffold intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XIV is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," he sobbed; "my strength fails. I can go no further."
"There is yet a way!" cried the lover in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardor and strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round. It was a different person! Another, more active had taken advantage of his recommendation. His beloved was no more!—New York Ledger.

A Queen in Exile.

Silk seems to be the Cinderella of the tariff. It has been called the queen of the textiles, but it is very much neglected just now. Fashion, more powerful even than statutes, has turned to other favorites for the moment, and in consequence there is anxiety and even dismay at Paterson and in the silk market. One of the largest silk manufacturers dumped 1,300 pieces of dress goods on the market, through the auction room, and by the help of some good friends in the trade managed to get fair prices. But the test will come when there is to be the largest auction sale of silk goods in the history of the country. Perhaps the largest mill in the United States will then offer 3,750 pieces of dress goods in a peremptory sale under the hammer. This means that even the leading manufacturer cannot dispose of its goods through the ordinary channel, and decides to cut the Gordian knot with the blunt but effective weapon, the auctioneer's mallet. The outcome of this sale will be watched with keen interest all over the country, as it will be a proof of the hard-pan value of silk in this day of neglect.—Henry R. Elliot, in Washington Star.

Didn't Comfort Him Any?

From the Boston Courier.
The line in which consolations run is something unique enough and the want of tact which some folks display is as conspicuous as is the ease and grace with which some folks glide out of an awkward situation; A nice old lady recently related at much length how complete heart-broken an old man was at the death of his only daughter.
"He is completely prostrated," she said. "He cannot bear to be separated from her, and he says that there was never anybody so afflicted before in the world."
"But he's old," he heard her respond, "that he cannot possibly live long. I should think he would think how soon he will go to her."
"Yes," responded the other.
"That is what I just told him the day of the funeral, and I thought he was offended. At any rate it didn't seem to comfort him any."

An Ancient Mule.

Speaking of ancient mules, this from the Hamilton (Mo.) News-Graphic is quite interesting: "Julia a mule now owned by Maj. Robert J. Williams of Ray county, came into his possession during the siege of Vicksburg. From that time to the close of the war Julia was one of the team that hauled the major's mow-wagon and brought him home to Missouri. She was twice wounded during the siege at Vicksburg with Minie-bullets, one of which remained in her body until a few years ago, when it worked its way through and fell out. The mule is quite feeble and is in her 35th year. She is tenderly cared for by her grateful owner and the members of his family."

THE CAMP FIRE.

EXPERIENCES OF SOLDIERS DURING THE LATE REBELLION.

Veterans Becoming Insane—Wives in the Army—The Wilderness Again—Short Items, Etc.

The Milwaukee National Home contains at this writing probably 2,600 members, all of whom, with very few exceptions, were pronounced sane men by the examining surgeon when admitted. As the years rolled by more and more became insane. Most were harmless, but some were vicious. Every year a batch of these unfortunates are sent to the asylum at Washington, in order to make room here, and for better treatment at the capital. Still, they multiply at an alarming rate, till the number of so-called "cranks" is something fearful to understand, even by a close observer. The causes are said to be broken health, broken hearts, broken fortunes, family troubles and failure in obtaining pensions. For the benefit of, and as a well-meant, timely warning to all comrades, and wives, sons and daughters of veterans who are now inmates of this or any other Home, I wish to give my own reason for this increase of insanity among the old soldiers. In a majority of cases I honestly believe that the cause can plainly be traced to an entirely different source than the above mentioned reason. Friends, you have neglected the veteran by considering that he has already been well provided for by a grateful people, and consequently you have almost entirely forgotten him—you never (or hardly ever) correspond, never send him his local newspapers; you do not cheer him up, and never throw a ray of sunshine across his lonely, wearisome way. Days, weeks, months and years pass by, but he never receives a single token of love or remembrance. Day after day our feeble old friend of former happy days wanders to his postoffice and calls for letters that never come. Week after week he sends messages to loved ones, or friends of his schoolboy days, but never receives an answer. Slowly, with feeble steps and bowed head, he walks about the Home grounds; his comrades that pass by he never knows. Life is a drudge, and hope is gone, and how it ends you can well imagine. Some day his room-mates read his funeral notice on the "bulletin board" in the main halls, or are informed that he has been sent over to the "crazy" ward. The governor of the Home is a kind and just man. The surgeons do all they can to ease the old sufferer, but alas! they cannot return youth to them; they cannot replace friends, wives, sons and daughters, and above all, the National Home is not the "Home, Sweet Home," that the soldier dreamed and snuggled of during and before the war. Please remember your old friends at the Home, and forgive me if I have spoken rashly or wrong.—Fred Rogge, 35th Ohio Inf., in Toledo Blade.

Wives in the Army.

In the army, as elsewhere, the man who squanders his money will be always poor and wretched. On the contrary, if he is industrious and thrifty there is no walk of life in which an ignorant, unlettered man, lacking the education necessary to enable him to aspire to anything better than daily labor for daily bread, can do better. Though only officers are now permitted to have their wives with them, yet when I became a soldier in 1842 and for many years afterward a certain number of women were allowed to each company in a regiment as laundresses. These women were the wives of the private soldiers, and as I was so fortunate as to secure one of these positions for my wife I was able to have her with me until the breaking out of the late civil war. This practice is still observed in all the armies of Great Britain and her colonies, and I think our government made a great mistake in abandoning it. Married men with wife and children by their side make the best soldiers.

The presence of those dear ones restrains a man and tends to make and keep him ever sober, faithful and brave in the discharge of his duty. In time of battle he has a more direct interest in winning the fight than the single man, or he whose wife and children are in perfect safety hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles away. He feels that he is battling for a personal stake, and accordingly puts forth his highest, best efforts. In this respect a British soldier has a marked advantage over the American, though in every other way the condition of the former is not so good as that of the latter. The British soldier is not so well paid nor so well fed, and his chances for promotion are not nearly so good, but to be allowed to have wife and children with him more than compensates him for all his other disadvantages.—James Whalen, in Chicago News.

The Wilderness.

Ward's Brigade, of Birney's First Division, Second Corps, formerly First Division, Third Corps (the old Phil. Kennerly Division), of which our regiment, the 4th Me., was a part, held the second line of low breastworks along the Brock road, with our right on the Plank road, at the time, 4 p. m., May 6, 1861. The assault was made by Longstreet on our front line of works. These works were low and composed of logs, dirt, brush—anything we could find handy to pile up as a cover. The front line was held by the Second Division of the old Third Corps, then a part of the Second, under Hancock. The 20th Ind., which is mentioned, was a part of that command. The rebels drove them from the first line

back upon our line. These works were not over 200 feet apart and the Brock road lay between them. The rebels planted their colors on the first line. We were ordered to charge over our works, and did so. The troops there rallied, and together we drove the rebels back at the point of the bayonet, hardly giving them time to get their colors. An attempt was made to capture them, but the rebels got them and retreated. The works to the left of us were on fire at the time, but not in our front. When the old Third Corps gave way in confusion it was time for Carroll's or any other troops to be looking for a line of retreat.

Our men that fell on that afternoon are buried on the east side of the Brock road near the plank road. We held this position until we marched to the left to Todd's Tavern, and I think the history made by Hancock's and Sickles' old corps, united under one command, was as brilliant and full of fight as that scored by any other organization of the Army of the Potomac.

I remained with the boys until severely wounded at the charge on Taylor's Bridge at the crossing of the North Anna, and though the old division with the red diamond was badly used up by that time it was still in the ring when I left to go home on a stretcher.—F. E. Donk, in Nat. Tribune.

More Than Two Thousand Deserters.

In his message the Secretary of War says: "The number of desertions from the army for the twelve months ending September 30 were 2,086, as against 2,751 for the same period last year, a decrease of 24 per cent. This result is due to such improvements in the service as could be accomplished under existing legislation. Although desertions are already greatly reduced, so long as they continue in any considerable numbers they must have a bad effect upon the morale of the army and entail a large and needless expense. The practical solution of this somewhat vexed question assumes three phases: First, how to make the service more desirable; second, how to remove the artificial restraints which, by blinding a man inflexibly to a long service which has become distasteful to him, naturally drives him to desperate means; third, how to make the punishment for the crime so certain that if more worthy motives fail men may be warned by its fear. As to the second and third there is legislation enough, at least with our present experience. With respect to the first there is, I think, need of more."

A Pension Decision.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered a decision in the pension case of the mother of Lorenzo G. Babcock, late of Co. E, 125th N. Y., which involves the question of line of duty. It appears from the record that Babcock served in the army from August, 1862, until May, 1864, and was regarded as an efficient and faithful soldier. During the struggle in the wilderness, early in May, 1864, he underwent extraordinary fatigue, prolonged exposure to fire, arduous exertions, and loss of sleep. After several days of service of this character, he committed suicide by shooting himself through the breast. The department is convinced from the testimony that he had become mentally deranged, and that the whole aberration of mind was developed in the service long after enlistment. The department therefore reverses the former decision of the Commissioner of Pensions, and accepts it as a fact that this man, through no possible fault of his own, was irresponsible for the fatal act, and died in line of duty.

Not According to Upton.

In the early days of the war a certain Maine regiment on its way to the seat of war held a dress parade in Union Square, New York. This parade was preliminary to a flag presentation by citizens of Maine residing in New York City. The men looked their best. Everything moved along as merry as you please till our Colonel desired to give an order of some nature to our Adjutant. Where Adjutant "Fille" was just at the moment, never mind. Old "Jack" couldn't find him. Here was a dilemma, and the colonel—yes, somewhat—voice of the Colonel was heard, thusly: "Jim! Ho, Jim! Yo-ho, Jim!" It is needless to say "Jim" soon appeared, and saluting the Colonel received his orders *so* to voice, and "Attention,—at Main!" etc. We were soon by company front on our way down Broadway, but "Jim! Ho, Jim!" resounded in our ears to-day as we think of those days of yore when grim-visaged war held sway.—F. Prescott, in Chicago Ledger.

Heaven and Earth.

Mrs. Fangle—You used to call me your angel, Henry, but you never say so now.
Mr. Fangle—No, my dear; I have found out the difference. Angels, you know, don't care anything about dresses.—West Shore.

A Bad Sign.

Sign Painter—Now, Missus John-sing, what does you want put on dis yer sign?
Missus Johnsing (after a moment of deep thought)—I guess you'll put scrubbin' done in here.—Am. Cultivator.

What Do I Want Her.

Maud—Which have you elected to study—French or German?
Ethel—French.
Maud—Do you like French better than you do German?
Ethel—No, but I like the French professor better.—Yankee Blade.

GUARDING AGAINST MUTINY.

How an East Indian Prince Was Outwitted by the British Minister.

The British government takes every possible precaution to prevent the people of India from having arms to indulge in a second mutiny. As it cannot disarm the troops of the semi-independent native Princes that are under British protection and at whose courts there are ministers resident, some English statesmen have hit upon a novel and presumably successful method of preventing any prolonged hostilities on the part of these Princes.

The soldiers of these potentates had old-fashioned matchlocks and muzzle-loading rifles that were fired by means of percussion caps. The minister resident at the court of one of the most powerful of these Princes in conversation with that sovereign one day remarked that his men would be much better disciplined if they had a uniform firearm and suggested the use of the breech-loading rifles, such as are used in the British army. The British government, he said, would furnish the breech-loaders in substitution for the clumsy weapons which the native troops used, and for which bullets of a dozen different calibers had to be made. The government would also supply the necessary cartridges.

The Prince was delighted with the idea and at once gave his consent. The old guns and muskets of obsolete types were turned over to the government and the Prince's troops were equipped with breech-loading rifles of the latest pattern, and supplies of cartridges for target practice were issued every month. The Prince took great pleasure in superintending the maneuvers of his soldiers and in admiring the long range and precision of the rifles. But as the novelty wore off it began to dawn upon the mind of the Prince that the bargain was not such a very good one for him in case he should ever undertake to throw off the British yoke, inasmuch as the supply of cartridges, though plentiful enough for practice, was not sufficient to carry on any warfare, and the rifles without the cartridges were not much better than so many clubs. So he suggested to the minister resident the propriety of starting a cartridge factory in his principality.

"Oh, no," replied the minister resident. "Your highness does not need any cartridge factory. Her Imperial majesty Victoria will give you the cartridges you need, but does not wish to burden you with a factory, as the government can make them cheaper than any one."

The Prince's troops are using the new rifles yet, and every month get cartridges enough for practice. In case of war the old firearms would have been much handier, as every Hindoo knows how to make powder, and flint for matchlocks or percussion caps can easily be got.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

There will soon be an entrance fee of a franc for the Vatican museum.
Senator Warren, of Wyoming, is six feet tall, and his form is as straight as a Rocky Mountain pine. He is a blonde, rather good looking, and talks and dresses well. He is 46 years old.

The late Baron Haussmann's rule for success in life was always to flatter the wives of the deputies who voted appropriations. It worked like a charm.

The publication of a weekly journal to propagate nationalistic theories and under the editorship of Edward Bellamy is to be begun soon in Boston.

The champagne outlook is gloomy. The phylloxera is reported to have made its reappearance, and, owing to the comparative failure of most of the vintages since 1884, champagne is likely to be shortly both scarce and dear.

A Boston publisher says that he still sells 30,000 copies a year of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Several seasons ago he got out a special edition of the book and sold 60,000 copies of it.

The Welmar Society for the Circulation of Good Literature, distributed during the last year 800,000 copies of wholesome tales and novels. At the same time it has increased its membership to 5,000 and has led by \$10,000.

EYES AND EYE GLASSES.
For information about lands and cheap homes in Florida, address J. C. Cross, Live Oak, Florida. Reading matter and State Map is sent.

BORSH.
102 E. WASHINGTON ST. YOUR EYESIGHT. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

WILSON, THE PHOTOGRAPHER!
Is Giving Away a Fine Photo-Crayon Portrait. With every dozen cabinets, at \$2.00 per dozen. Children, Family Groups, Bridal Groups, perfect. Open Sunday. Cloudy weather good as usual. Studio, 336 State St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS.
The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address
JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.

DR. MILES' Nerveine!
CURES NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, FITS, SCISSORS, ETC. FREE Samples at Druggists, or by mail 10 Cts. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 25.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Feb. 19, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:10 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 11, 12:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 5:03 A. M.
No. 4, 11:50 A. M.
No. 6, 8:43 P. M.
No. 8, 7:05 A. M.
No. 10, 7:05 A. M.
No. 12, 7:05 A. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily between Chicago and Waukegan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

Antioch Home News.

Attend the masquerade ball at Rogers hall to-morrow night.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

We handle all kinds of sewing machine supplies, needles always on hand. All kinds of gilding and fixtures for decorating purposes at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

A party from Chicago was in this village on Thursday last with a view of establishing a wagon-shop here. We see no reason why a good shop of this kind would not be a "howling success."

Antioch will vote on Wednesday, February, 25, whether they shall incorporate as a village or not. Let Antioch look at Burlington and see how she has prospered since incorporation and then "go and do likewise." — *Standard Democrat*.

Mr. Fred Krakosky, Senior Vice Commander of Luther Crane Post No. 201 G. A. R. of Burlington Wis. was in our village a couple of days on recruiting service, for the Burlington Post, among our Army boys. Several of our prominent citizens, who shouldered a musket through many a weary march, have sent in application for membership in the Post and others will follow. The parties who have sent in their applications will unite with the Post Saturday evening of this week, and all old soldiers who can do so are cordially invited to attend, and join in the social festivities of the occasion.

Scattered here and there throughout our little village are a few men whose actions are so consistent with their arguments. When they are asked to subscribe towards building sidewalks or improving the streets they will tell you that the sidewalks and streets are all right as they are. In front of their residences are sidewalks (?) that become at least six inches deep every time it rains. But this does not worry them in the least, as they will then cross the street and walk down town on private walks built and maintained by their more enterprising neighbors.

The Japanese student from Evanston who lectured at the M. E. church on Sunday last was favored with a large audience at both the morning and evening services. Although but seventeen months in this country he has acquired a very fair knowledge of the English language, and his description of Japanese home life and customs was very entertaining and instructive throughout. He dwelt for some time on his journey to this country; and the manner in which he was treated by some "not christian" Americans, as he rightly termed them, but reiterates the fact that what we need is a few Japanese missionaries to this country. The Japanese as a nation are intelligent and are eager to adopt anything that would be the means of their further advancement, yet when they come to this country for learning the great American public is inclined to look down upon them as being an infinitely inferior race, which is an injustice. The young student is but 19 years old and still wears his native costume. When he completes his studies here he will return as a missionary to Japan.

The friends of Miss Bell Howard gave her a pleasant surprise party at her home in this village on Friday evening last.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son having got their feed mill in perfect working order are prepared to do first class grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week at reasonable rates.

THE Brazil reciprocity treaty appears to be the most popular thing the administration has yet done; it will unquestionably enlarge our markets, and that is just what the country needs.

On Wednesday evening of last week the school-mate friends of Miss Vida Richards tendered her a surprise party at her home in this village. The evening was passed very pleasantly by games and music. About 27 schoolmates were present.

There will be a New England supper at Chinn's hall on next Tuesday evening Feb. 24. All interested are requested to bring something for the supper. Proceeds to go toward payment of the M. E. pastor's salary. Come and have a good time.

There will be a grand masquerade ball at Rogers Hall in this village on Friday evening, Feb. 20th, 1891. Music will be furnished by the Waukegan Orchestra. Tickets including supper, \$1.50. The event will be one of the most enjoyable of the season and all are cordially invited to attend. Masks will be sold at C. O. Feltz's store.

Up to the present time sixteen residents of incorporated villages have sent in their views on incorporation, and out of the entire number only two are opposed to it. Now fellow citizens do some intelligent thinking for yourselves. Would those men (all of them taxpayers) so strongly favor incorporation if they did not see its benefits? Certainly not.

In the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Albert Herman to Miss Mary A. Brogan, made in last week's issue of this paper, a mistake occurred as to the place in which the ceremony was performed. It should have read in the Catholic church at Waukegan instead of at the residence of the bride's parents. The announcement was received at this office giving the date and place as they appeared in the NEWS and we supposed it to be accurate.

There are swindlers and swindlers. Every little while a new one turns up and is "roasted" by the newspapers. The one now being raked over the coals is a sewing machine repairer who is traveling from hamlet to hamlet in pursuit of business. The fellow goes into a house and asks to see the sewing machine. As he seems bent on having a visit with the machine his request is usually granted. He examines the different parts to ascertain whether or not the machinery is all right. If the machine is in perfect working order it does not matter as by a smooth sleight of hand performance he drops a piece of clock spring into it, which of course prevents its working. He then offers to fix it for 50 cents and in many cases gets the money.

ROSECRANS.

R. G. Murrie made a short visit in Millburn last Sunday.

D. G. Nellis and family of West McHenry, visited relatives here last Saturday.

Mrs. C. Ames, of Warren visited her sister Mrs. Helen Ames last Sunday.

A social dance was given at Russell last week and another is reported for Feb. 27.

E. J. Faulkner bought a team in Chicago last week.

The ladies of the church society are arranging for an oyster supper in the near future.

A series of special revival meetings are in progress at the Newport and Benton church, being conducted by Rev. M. W. Buck, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cooley of Chicago. All are invited to attend.

Special Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given the legal voters of the village of Antioch that a special election will be held on Wednesday Feb. 25, 1891 for the purpose of voting on the question of incorporating the village of Antioch under the state law. The polls will be open on that day from 8 A. M. until 7 P. M.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Ben Stone of Antioch was in town Sunday.

Messrs Campbell and Newberry of Burlington were seen on our streets Friday.

Mrs. C. W. Voak has been confined to her house for the past few days with a severe cold.

Louie Scherf was in Chicago the latter part of the week laying in a large supply of new furniture.

Mr. Piazza will deliver a lecture on the holy land to-morrow evening in the M. E. Church.

C. W. Blank has gone to his home in Whitewater, Wis., his health being very poor.

Dick Wilbur returned to Kenosha the 7th after spending a couple of weeks with his parents in this village.

The I. O. G. T's. of this place are preparing a play to be presented to the public in the near future entitled "The Sparkling Cup."

Mr. and Mrs. James Owen have returned from their extended wedding tour and have gone to house-keeping in Mrs. Hoyzeradt's house.

Mrs. Pacey, mother of A. G. Pacey ended her earthly career on Friday morning at the ripe old age of seventy six years. Her funeral on Sunday was very largely attended.

GUESS WHO.

WADSWORTH.

The Board of trade has closed its doors and stepped down and out.

John Schlosser has established a barber shop and lunch room. Walk in ye hungry and try his generous fare.

The other day while sitting before a well heated stove on which a teakettle and coffee pot were boiling, little Benny Hogan aged three years was treated to a genuine surprise. The stove without having previously signified its intention to do so tipped over with a crash, throwing the teakettle to right and the coffee pot to the left of the child. Amid the shrieks from the affrightened parents the child, unhurt, coolly said "Pa get me out of this."

Chicago "vets" recently visited Lux Bro's barn, used of late as a store-room for unseasonable goods and summer wearing apparel, and scattered things generally. A coat was taken which was found to be too clerical and they tried to trade it off for one more suitable. The same night the pests made a raid with fire on James Pollock's safe, but after many unsuccessful efforts were compelled to give up, as the safe withstood their attempts to open it. They escaped without being captured and will probably soon operate in some other town. Mr. Pollock found it necessary to send his safe to Chicago for repairs.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:
NORTH.
No. 1, 12:45 A. M.
No. 3, 10:10 P. M.
No. 5, 8:11 P. M.
No. 7, 10:25 A. M.
No. 9, 7:20 P. M.
SOUTH.
No. 2, 4:52 A. M.
No. 4, 8:03 A. M.
No. 6, 11:53 A. M.
No. 8, 6:50 P. M.
No. 10, 7:20 A. M.
Trains stop on signal only.
Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor every night.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAVEN, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

John McGinty has built his ice house and filled it with a first quality of crystalized water.

Mr. Ralph Benedict of Bristol paid D. C. Stewart a visit last Sunday and found the roads horrible.

There was a hefty delegation from Trevor to Burlington to attend a dance last Friday night. They did not arrive home until noon the next day.

Last week Mr. Geo. H. Booth went to Dakota to look after sheep, for his ranch. He has fed and disposed of a number of different bands of sheep this winter.

Mr. J. Z. Nyhart of Twin Bridges Montana unloaded one car of horses at Trevor last week Wednesday. They were intended for the eastern market and on Friday morning last week, Messrs Roe and Goetschins of the same place, unloaded for the purpose of feed and rest, one car of horses for the Pennsylvania market to be shipped via Chicago. Trevor is getting to be quite a feeding point.

INCORPORATION AS ONE MAN SEES IT.

Richmond, Ill., Feb. 8, '91.

Dear Sir,
Your postal, asking certain questions as to village incorporation is at hand, but the space there allowed is insufficient to properly answer them; and since the affair is one of real importance to you, if the citizens of your village think of incorporating under the State law I will answer more in extenso than would be possible on the card.

(1) As to satisfaction of our people with the present status, we are like other communities apt to run in the old ruts. We become satisfied with that to which we have become accustomed, or indifferent to it, unless it particularly interferes with our own interests or pleasure. We have been incorporated a good many years and therefore, I presume that a majority of our citizens would answer yes to your first question. And yet for the first few years denunciations loud and deep were indulged in by good men, and an effort was made to have a bill offered in the State Legislature giving villagers the power to unincorporate. At that time a large majority would have voted "no."

(2) It would be a close vote I think.
(3) They have been made higher by a special assessment and can be, at the will of the Board. How it figures.
(4) Yes, such as the building of sidewalks, repair of streets, abating of nuisances, etc.
(5) It probably is.
(6) If anything yes, all things considered.
(7) No sir!

The fact is the success and advantages of incorporation depend greatly on the character of the Board. If you could always have on it level headed men instead of blockheads or fanatics all would be well. But the first mentioned timber is never plentiful in a little village community, and many a year the people will find after election that they have burnt their own fingers. Our village was once put to several hundred dollars expense to hire a spy to come here to detect secret liquor selling and did not make a single case. The Board has

the power of grave and not easily limited abuses and you will be sure to get fool boards occasionally, as we have, who will make you "tired."

Incorporation leads to cliques among citizens and is inimical to social comity. A village is well enough as an integral part of the township—let "well enough" alone.

If there be anything illegal in its act of incorporation it may lead to grave complications and much trouble afterward. It is held by good authority that our act of incorporation is illegal, from the fact that the territory incorporated did not have the legal number of inhabitants. If that be so every act of its Board is illegal and could be ripped to pieces in a court of law.

One argument against incorporation is that there is no way of getting out of the scrape if you once get in. One of the best lawyers in Chicago told me that neither the Statute, at that time, nor the session laws since its revision provided for unincorporating a village or city. So it is well for a community to look before they leap.

Yours Truly,
S. F. Bennett.

(*) Would the people of your village be willing to throw aside the village Incorporation papers?
(3) Are taxes higher or lower than they were prior to incorporation?
(4) Are there any advantages to be derived from incorporation?
(5) Is the liquor dealer more easily controlled?
(6) Do you consider Incorporation of a village detrimental to it?
(7) Were your village not incorporated would you vote to Incorporate?

INCORPORATION.

Mr. Editor,

Can you allow space for a few facts worth knowing before election? First does incorporation effect the school law, school taxes, or the Trustees, Treasurer, or Directors? No. Do the boundary lines of a corporate village either before or after incorporation have to be surveyed? No. Then how is the boundary line designated? It was designated by Wilton's Plat and Petition presented with thirty legal voters to the County Judge and accepted by the Judge, and ordered recorded in the County Court of Lake County. What will it cost the tax payers for Plat, Petition, Record and notices? Not one cent, and for this and other reasons, Uncle Tom cheerfully asks every legal voter inside the limits of corporation to go to the Polls and vote next Wednesday. If we incorporate will taxes be higher or lower? The taxes will be lower. I don't see how it can make taxes any lower, and at the same time gravel streets and build sidewalks. It will be done in this way: The Statute of the State of Illinois empowers the Trustees to tax saloons, card tables, billiards, bagatelle, pigeon hole, pin alleys, ball alleys, hawkers, peddlers, theatres, and to grant permits to druggists to sell liquor, and tax them for the same, to tax dogs, also to stop dog fights, cock pits, fighting, quarreling, and all other disorderly acts and make the offenders pay a fine. All licenses, fines and dog tax shall be paid to the Village Treasury for the benefit of the village. The Trustees can erect engine houses, buy engine, hose carts, hooks and ladders for the prevention of fires, encourage volunteer fire companies, put in water tanks, appoint a Treasurer, and pass all ordinances and rules and make all regulations proper or necessary to carry into effect the powers granted to cities or villages, with such fines or penalties as the city council or board of trustees shall deem proper, provided no fine or penalty shall exceed \$200 and no imprisonment shall exceed six months for one offense. For the truth of the above I refer you to the Statute of the State of Illinois, concerning cities, villages and towns.

See sections 41, 44, 46, 59, 64 and 96. Now in certain taxes the Statute governs and in others it does not. The tax on small plays and amusements is discretionary with the Trustees. Should there be no licenses whatsoever the Trustees can raise each year hundreds of dollars from other taxable sources. To make it clear that the property owner need not bear the burden of taxes alone I would say that we have perhaps 100 able bodied voters who are sound in mind and under the age of 50 years, within what would be the corporate limits, now what would be a fair poll tax per capita? Say three dollars. This would figure three hundred dollars which together with the licenses, other taxes and fines would according to law be used for village improvement purposes. UNCLE TOM.

Notice of Purchase at Tax Sale.

To all concerned take notice that at a sale of lands and town lots for the taxes, interest and costs for the year A. D. 1890 held at the Court House in Waukegan, Lake Co. Ill. on the third day of June A. D. 1891 I purchased lots 2, 3 and 4 in P. 1 Sec. 15, Township 46 North, Range 8 East, taxes in the name of Lewis Hatch, and the time for redemption from said sale will expire on the third day of June A. D. 1891.

F. W. Hatch, purchaser.

Auction.

On Feb. 21, at 1 o'clock P. M. I will sell on the premises which is known as the Christopher Wilson Farm. Located one mile north of Disciple Church known as the Ft. Hill Church, in the town of Avon and Grant, Lake County, Ill.

DESCRIPTION.

North half of Lot 1 and 2 of the S. W. quarter of section 19, Township 45, N. of Range 10, E. of 3rd principal Meridian and E. 1/2 of N. E. quarter and the N. E. quarter of the S. E. quarter of section 21, Township 45, N. of Range 9, all in Lake County, Ill. containing about 190 acres.

TERMS OF SALE:—Half cash balance on time at 6 per cent interest.
DIGHTON GRANGER,
Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

I desire to say to the people of Antioch and vicinity that I have purchased a stock of wagon and carriage makers material and will in a few days locate a shop in your village and be prepared to do all kinds of work in this line with promptness and efficiency. I will make a specialty of repairing farming implements generally, and with your co-operation will promise to establish a business among you that will be a credit to the place. When I am settled call and see me and you will be treated with courtesy and fairness. Yours for business,
GEO. W. BELL.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that two certain notes of hand given by Charles Gauger of Wilmot, Wis., one note of \$600 dated November 12th 1890, and payable one year after date to Mrs. Emma Falbrick; also one note of \$100, dated October 4th given by Charles Gauger, and payable to Mrs. Emma Falbrick four months after date thereof, were stolen December 24th, 1890 at or near Racine, Wis. All persons are hereby warned not to cash said notes as the maker has given new notes to replace the ones stolen.

Mrs. Emma Falbrick.
Dated at Antioch this 13th day of February, 1890.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. \$1,000 cash, balance on time. Also fine building lots for \$75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHLIX & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Pools of blood were found on the floor of the dining-room of the residence of the Rev. Dr. Sanderland at Washington, and as no one of the family had been hurt the police are puzzled over the mystery.

The greatest concert has been accepted by the government, and is being fitted out at New York.

At Austin, Texas, Sam Alexander was fined \$250 for mailing lottery tickets.

From present indications navigation on the Mississippi will open unprecedentedly early this year.

Capitalists from Chicago, Pittsburg and Wales have located a tin-plate mill at Joliet, Ill., to cost \$500,000.

Business failures for last week numbered 279, compared with 301 the previous week, and 302 the corresponding week of 1890.

At the Passavant hospital in Milwaukee Mrs. Hedwig Wendland died from the effects of the Koch lymph treatment.

John H. McCabe, an actor and stage manager, who went to California in 1849, died at San Francisco.

It is reported that the Thomson-Houston and Westinghouse companies are to be united under one management.

The sum of \$4,000 stolen from the Ogden, Utah, postoffice by a clerk was recovered at Arkansas City, Kan., through the thief's confession.

W. J. Sullivan, a wealthy stockman living at Hawkeye, Iowa, fell from the top of a Milwaukee train while crossing the river at Ottumwa and broke his neck.

The Executive Committee for the Grand Army of the Republic Department, meeting in Decatur in April, has secured one fare for the round trip on all roads in Illinois.

Nicol & Strong of Kansas City have filed suit against the Master Plumbers' Association, claiming \$50,000 damages because the association expelled them from membership.

The three big gypsum stucco mills in Fort Leage, Iowa, have joined the syndicate now being organized to control the stucco business of the country.

A boiler explosion in Ousley's flour mill occurred at Windsor, Mo., Hugh L. Smith and Thomas Tibberty, boiler-makers of Sedalia, were killed.

At a Mansfield (Ohio) hotel Joseph Reareck, owner of a store at Tiro, Ohio, went to his room under the influence of liquor, blew out the gas, and was found dead next day.

Senator Stockbridge has introduced a bill in the United States Senate to incorporate the National Guarantee Loan and Development Company of the United States, which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

Resolutions have been passed by the Newfoundland Legislature protesting against the action of the British government in not permitting negotiations for reciprocity with the United States to be carried on.

E. M. McGillican, of Cleveland, Ohio, has sued the H. B. Claffin Company of New York, for \$354,000, which amount he claims to have lost by putting it into the latter trust at the solicitation of the Claffins.

The honorary pall bearers at the funeral of Admiral Porter on Tuesday were: Vice-President Morton, Gen. Schofield, Senators Manderson and Hawley, Representative Boutelle, Rear Admirals Rogers, Almy, Howells, Crosby and Stevens, and Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania.

Henry Hinkel, the young fellow who worked himself into the good graces of Mary Barker at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and skipped out a few days ago with her pocketbook containing \$50 in money and a \$500 check has been captured and returned to that city.

It is believed that Mrs. Millie Gaffner, wife of Dr. T. Gaffner, a prominent physician of Trenton, Ill., who disappeared last Sunday from St. John's hospital, St. Louis, where she had been sent for medical treatment, has committed suicide. A letter has been found in the room she occupied leading to that conclusion.

Ex-Gov. Alonzo B. Cornell of New York admits that he obtained money on commercial paper which he knew to be worthless.

The Feney art collection was sold recently at New York, many of the pictures being taken for European purchasers.

Secretary Blaine denies having written to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he would negotiate for reciprocity only with the liberal party in Canada.

George E. Smith, a well-to-do merchant of Ascoeda, Mich., committed suicide by taking morphine.

It is reported that Jay Gould, who is making a Southern tour, was taken suddenly ill at St. Augustine, Fla., and started for New York.

The Tennessee river is very high and still rising. The boom at London was carried away, causing a loss of \$100,000.

The Rev. J. E. June of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted a call to the First Universalist church at Decatur, Mich.

An epidemic of scarlet fever prevails in Galena, Ill., but is said to be on the wane. No deaths have been reported.

The Good Templars of Pitts, Mason, Moultrie, Edgar, Douglas, Champaign and Vermilion counties held their district convention at Mansfield, Ill.

The steamer Catalina from Catalina Islands reports finding wreckage of the sloop Fawn, which left San Pedro for Catalina last Sunday. The occupants of the sloop, Andrew Rule and Alexander Upphert, merchants of San Pedro, were undoubtedly drowned.

A single man held up the assistant cashier and a clerk of the Citizens' Bank of Minneapolis, Minn., the other morning and swept the cash into a bag, but he was captured as he was leaving the building.

Contracts for the Ashland breakwater and the stone to be placed at Chequamegon Point have been let. Hugh Steele of Duluth, the former at \$15.95 and the latter at \$26.25 per foot.

Two entire families at St. Louis are at the point of death on account of poison contained in some headcheese. The victims are Lawrence Kreager, a butcher, his daughter Mary, aged 17, and Mrs. Kate Obell, her son John, and her daughter.

Mr. Henry Watkinson writes from Louisville that the letter recently published, purporting to be from him to Gov. Hill, of New York, is genuine.

The United States steel cruiser Baltimore has sailed from Toulon, France, for Chile.

In the House of Commons the bill to permit a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister passed its second reading by a vote of 202 to 155.

ADMIRAL PORTER DEAD.

THE HEAD OF OUR NAVY DIES SUDDENLY AT WASHINGTON

His Death Was Unexpected, Though He Had Been Ailing for Over a Year—His Career.

Washington telegram: Admiral Porter of the United States navy died at his residence here yesterday. His death was unexpected, for although he had been ailing for a year or more, he had been reported as better of late, and there were no previous signs of the sudden termination of his life. His disease was an affection of the heart.

Admiral Porter's services during the late war were of a distinguished character. He had been unable to attend generally to his official duties during the last two or three years, and his death was almost daily expected. Some months ago, however, a marked improvement in his condition was reported, and since that time there had been no warning of the end, which came unexpectedly.

So unexpected was his death that the members of his family who were in the city and even some members of the family in an adjoining room were not present at his bedside until after he had breathed his last. There had been no indications of late of immediate trouble. At 5 o'clock the nurse observed some unfamiliar symptoms and two of his sons who were in the house were summoned, and a physician sent for. Within fifteen minutes he was dead, his two sons and nurse being the only ones at his bedside. Even they did not realize the extent of his trouble until he had ceased to breathe.

Physicians who arrived shortly after his death made every effort to resuscitate him, but it soon became evident that the spark of life was absolutely extinct.

The President officially announced the death of Admiral Porter in the following message to Congress:

"TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: The admiral of the navy, David Dixon Porter, died at his residence in the city of Washington this morning at 5:15 o'clock, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He entered the naval service as a midshipman Feb. 2, 1829, and had been since continuously in service, having been made admiral Aug. 15, 1870. He was the son of Commodore David Porter, one of the greatest of our naval commanders. His service during the civil war was conspicuously brilliant and successful, and his death ends a very high and honorable career. His countrymen will sincerely mourn his loss, while they cherish with grateful pride the memory of his deeds. To officers of the navy his life will continue to yield inspiration and encouragement."

The President also directed that the national flag be displayed at half mast upon all public buildings throughout the United States until after the funeral, and that public business in the departments at Washington be suspended on the day of the funeral.

KILLED HELPLESS INDIANS.

The Redskins' Version of the Wounded Knee Battle.

The Sioux Indian conference was concluded and the Indians started for home, going by the way of Philadelphia and Carlisle. The feature of the meeting was the story of the fight at Wounded Knee, which was told by Turning Hawk and American Horse. Turning Hawk said: "When our people, who had been frightened away, were returning to Pine Ridge, and when they had almost reached the agency, they were met by the soldiers and surrounded and finally taken to the Wounded Knee Creek and there at a given time their guns were demanded, and when they had delivered them up the men were separated from their families, from their tepees, and taken to a certain spot, the guns having been given up. When the guns were taken away and the men thus separated, there was a crazy man, a young man of very bad influence, and in fact a nobody among that bunch of Indians fired his gun, and of course the firing of a gun must have been the breaking of a military rule of some sort, because immediately the soldiers returned the fire, and the indiscriminate killing followed."

INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Mighty Men from South Dakota Call on the President.

The Indian chiefs who now are in Washington city called at the White House in a body and paid their respects to the President. They were accompanied by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and several interpreters. The reception place in the East Room at the close of the regular tri-weekly reception to the public.

The Indians ranged themselves in a circle and listened attentively to a short address by the President.

He pointed out the folly of their going to war with the whites, and made it plain that if they made any more trouble they would be punished. He told them they must teach their young men not to be warriors but citizens, and endeavor to earn their own living by some peaceful stock-raising. The government would protect every Indian who was disposed to be peaceful and industrious. The Indians then shook hands with the President and withdrew.

ENGINE MEN CRUSHED.

Four Railway Men Killed in a Collision at Elmira.

The Lackawanna train leaving Buffalo at 7:30 o'clock at night, at Elmira, N. Y., collided here with a wild engine. The passengers all received a severe shaking up. The engineer of the express train, James Powers, was badly crushed and removed from the track in a dying condition. His fireman, name unknown, was fatally injured. James Powers, nephew of the engineer, who was employed on the wild engine, was badly injured internally and died within half an hour. The fireman of the wild engine, Albert Englehart, was also killed. The engineer was badly hurt, but will probably recover.

Chewed Off His Conductor's Nose.

At Dubuque, Iowa, Conductor John Conrad of the Milwaukee road had a fight with his brakeman, John Mahoney, a few days ago in a saloon. Conrad's nose was nearly bitten off in the melee. Blood-poisoning set in and Conrad's head is swollen fearfully. All the lines of his face are obliterated and he is a frightful object to look at. He will probably die. The bystanders had to pry open Mahoney's mouth with a stick to loosen his hold.

Big Blaze at Albany.

Perry's large stove factory was destroyed by fire and is a complete loss.

CLEVELAND AND FREE COINAGE

The Ex-President Pronounces It a Dangerous Experiment.

Between 600 and 1,700 people attended the mass-meeting at Cooper Union, New York City, to oppose the Silver bill, in response to a call of the Reform Club. E. Ellery Anderson presided, and among letters of regret that were read was this, under date of Feb. 10, from ex-President Cleveland.

My Dear Sir: I have received your note inviting me to attend a meeting called for the purpose of voicing the opposition of the business men of our city to the free coinage of silver in the United States. I shall not be able to attend and address the meeting as you request, but I am glad that the business interests of New York are at least to be heard on the subject. It surely cannot be necessary for me to make a formal expression of my agreement with those who believe that the greatest evils would be inflicted by the adoption of the scheme embraced in the measure now pending in Congress for an unlimited coinage of silver at our option. If we have developed an unexpected capacity for the assimilation of a largely increased volume of the currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, these conditions fall far short of insuring us against disaster if in the present situation we enter upon the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Resolutions condemning unlimited coinage were passed. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild was the chief speaker in opposition to the pending Silver bill.

WRECK ON THE WABASH ROAD.

Two Men Killed and Half a Dozen Injured Near St. Louis.

There was a collision on the Wabash railroad near Ingleside, just west of the city limits of St. Louis, Mo., this morning, between two freight trains in which two persons were killed and several wounded. The killed are:

WILLIAM BUSCH, brakeman on the Wabash.

JOHN REEF, head brakeman on the St. Louis Kansas City & Northern.

The wounded are:

H. BROWNE, conductor on the Wabash railroad, leg broken.

JOHN CHALKY, fireman on the Wabash road, back injured.

R. D. HILL, brakeman on the Wabash road, scratched and bruised.

G. H. KATZ, engineer on the Wabash train, bruised and cut; hand cut.

EDWARD FOLEY, boy of 16 years, cut and bruised, but not seriously.

THOMAS BROWNE, also a boy of 16, bruised on back at left leg.

The engines and eight or ten cars were completely wrecked.

PLAYING POKER.

Serious Charges Against the House Committee on Accounts.

In Washington some severe criticisms are being made against members of the House committee on accounts. It is charged that they daily go into their committee room, lock the door, and spend the hours behind "bob-tail" and other combinations, to the exclusion of those who have business to transact before them.

Witnesses before the various investigating committees who come from a distance cannot have their allowances approved or get their pay without the scrutiny of this committee, and they are nearly always unable to get in at the door, although through a side window the members of the committee can be seen sitting quietly about the tables.

Complaint has been made to the speaker, who promises to break up the game and compel the festive gamblers to seek less public quarters.

MURDERED AND MUTILATED.

Another White Chapel Woman Killed by Jack the Ripper.

A policeman on duty in White Chapel, London, found the dead body of a young woman with her throat cut from ear to ear. The police refuse to give details, but it is rumored that the woman's body was mutilated after the same manner as the victims of Jack the Ripper murderer. Indeed the murder is already put down to him. This murdered woman was one well known in the dissolute class.

Handy with Their Revolvers.

From a letter from Postmaster Scott at Shannectown, (Ka onia Terr., and reports brought by other parties it would seem that a veritable reign of terror exists in that vicinity. The trouble arose over the killing of a negro in a saloon, the killing of a negro by a white man, in connection with the robbery of a negro against Scott's life. Everybody gets armed and nobody stays out of the house after dark. Mr. Scott says he fears an attack from one Bob Carman and his Texas friends, and closes his letter with the following: "You may expect more hot work from here."

The country is full of desperadoes and they are all on the shoot.

Fatal Row in a Gambling House.

From Butte, Montana: A desperate affray in a saloon this morning resulted in the shooting of three gamblers named Levan, Boyer, and Sheerin. Levan played heavily at the game of which Sheerin was dealer, and early this morning asked the latter for a \$20 loan. Being refused Levan began firing, and both he and Sheerin emptied their revolvers. A bystander named Boyer was fatally injured, and the two principals were seriously wounded. Sheerin will probably die. There were 100 men in the room at the time.

Farmers Forming a Trust.

At Astin, Minnesota, arrangements are being made whereby a sub-trust of the Farmers' National Trust will be organized. This is one of the most gigantic schemes that was ever agitated. The farming fraternity of the whole Northwest, consisting of 70,000 men, proposes to form this trust and make their own market. Men of shrewd and broad intellect are at the head of this combative scheme, and before the seed ripens for '89 the farmer will know what he is doing.

Much Trouble Over a Car of Beer.

A Fort Dodge, Ia., special says the Law and Order League of Boone seized a carload of beer shipped to the Coon Bottling works from the United States Brewing company of Chicago. The seizure was made while the car was sidetracked on the Northwestern. The railroad company proved that the beer was intended for the Finkelstein Bottle Works at Omaha and that the car had stopped at Boone to unload five barrels of unfermented malt. The confiscated beer was accordingly turned over to the railway company again.

GENERAL SHERMAN DEAD

THE UNEQUAL WAR ENDED AT LAST.

After a Heroic Struggle He Yields Up the Spark of Life to the Fell Destroyer.

New York telegram: Gen. William T. Sherman has breathed his last. The time of his demise was 1:50 o'clock Saturday, New York time.

My Dear Sir: I have received your note inviting me to attend a meeting called for the purpose of voicing the opposition of the business men of our city to the free coinage of silver in the United States. I shall not be able to attend and address the meeting as you request, but I am glad that the business interests of New York are at least to be heard on the subject. It surely cannot be necessary for me to make a formal expression of my agreement with those who believe that the greatest evils would be inflicted by the adoption of the scheme embraced in the measure now pending in Congress for an unlimited coinage of silver at our option. If we have developed an unexpected capacity for the assimilation of a largely increased volume of the currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, these conditions fall far short of insuring us against disaster if in the present situation we enter upon the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage.

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A COTTON PICKER.

SUCCESS OF A COTTON PICKING MACHINE COMPANY.

Waco, Texas, Secures a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Machinery Plant—Her Citizens Jubilant.

The citizens of Waco, Texas, are jubilant over securing the location of the plant of the Lone Star Cotton Picking Machine Co. The machine was in a most constant use on the farms adjoining Waco during the last cotton picking season. The bankers and business men saw it at work and have taken about \$100,000 worth of stock in the Company. This money will be used to build and furnish a factory to begin manufacturing. The sale of stock will be continued until the proceeds will suffice to enlarge until a capacity to manufacture 20,000 new machines a year is reached, as that number will be required to pick the cotton crop of Texas alone. Although the promise of returns to investors which the Company makes seem like the vision of an Eldorado, it is not too much to expect that a company which will reduce the cost of picking our cotton crop from \$100,000,000 annually to less than \$15,000,000 will earn enormous profits for its stockholders.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL MURDER IN LONDON.

A Man Arrested on Suspicion of Being Jack the Ripper, the Author of the Fiendish Murders.

London cablegram. The police have arrested a man on suspicion that he is "Jack the Ripper," the author of the horrible Whitechapel crimes, the latest of which has just been committed. A policeman who saw the unfortunate woman a short time before the murder said that she was talking to a man who looked like a sailor. The police searched all the cattle ships but found no reason for arresting any one. Late in the evening a man was arrested on the docks after being locked up on suspicion. The police refuse to tell what they know about him.

Jack the Ripper's latest effort differs from the preceding ones in that on this occasion the human butcher did not have time to complete his work, and from his selecting a place almost as public as the Strand.

About 2 a. m. a Constable Thompson was patrolling Chamber street, a narrow thoroughfare that ends in Leaman street, where the police station is situated. He passed under the railway arch, of the Blackwall line, leading into Royal Mint street and contiguous to the mint and the tower. He had got about half way through when he stumbled over the body of a woman lying in the center of the roadway in a pool of blood which was still oozing from the gash in her throat. He could hear a gurgling sound and on looking down made out in the darkness that the unfortunate creature was still alive, as her limbs moved slightly and her lips seemed to be endeavoring to articulate. Hardly had the officer noted this, when he was startled by a rushing footstep. Running as quickly as possible to the other end of the archway he could see nothing, as before he had reached it the sound was lost, showing that the murderer had made his escape.

As may be imagined the excitement in Whitechapel is intense, and the adjoining streets are crowded. The police attach great importance to the fact that when her clothing was examined a second hat was found. It has for a long time been a favorite theory of the police that Jack the Ripper, desirous of his manly pseudonym, would eventually be found to be a woman. The fact that the second hat was not of the same size as that found on the dead woman's body strengthens the theory.

Consumption Killed Him, Not Lymph.

A Kansas City, Mo., special says Coroner Langdale concluded his post-mortem over the body of J. H. Ellis, the consumptive who died after being inoculated at the City hospital with Koch's lymph. The coroner turned over to the health department a certificate of death giving as the cause consumption. No traces were found of any injurious effect from the use of the lymph.

MARKET REPORT.

Chicago.

BEETROOTS—Extra 1,600@1,800

IL—Good to fancy steers 5.55@5.75

IL—Poor to medium 3.25@4.15

COWS—1.80@3.50

VEAL CALVES—1.00@1.50

MILCH COWS—per head 20.00@40.00

HOGS—Mixed 3.10@3.65

SHEEP—Native 3.50@5.50

WHEAT—No. 2 Spring .95@.95

CORN—No. 2 .53@.51

OATS—No. 2 .41@.45

POTATOES—per bushel .80@.93

POULTRY—Chickens, dressed .08@.09

SUNDAY READING.

SERIOUS AND INSTRUCTIVE MATTER FOR THE RELIGIOUSLY INCLINED.

Deep Life Before Great Work—The New Birth—God's Claim Upon Our Time—Etc., Etc.

Judge not; the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see; What looks to thy dim eyes as vain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from some well-won field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that froth thy sight, May be a token, that below The soul has closed in deadly fight With some infernal fiery foe, Whose glance would scorch thy smiling face, And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise— May be the angel's slackened hand Has suffered it, that he may rise And take a firmer, surer stand; Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see, With hopeful pity, not disdain; The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain And love and glory that may rise This soul to God in after days! —Adelaide Procter, in Christian Union.

Deep Life Before Great Work.

Most busy people who have a deep interest in their work cherish the hope that the time will come when that work will be pursued without interruption; when life will become a quiet library for the trying of an experiment, a silent library for the writing of a book, or a noiseless studio for the painting of a picture. But for most men such a time never comes. Life is so arranged that we get, not what we like, but what we need. Nothing seems more alluring than the opportunity of shutting out the whole world and giving one's entire strength and thought to the work in hand; nothing would tell so disastrously on the character of that work as the constant interruption of vital experience, the constant intrusion into the well-ordered routine of care and suffering and the vicissitudes of actual life, that give a man that knowledge and that sympathy out of which great work is born. Dante would doubtless have preferred a quiet life in Florence, but such a life would have cost the world the Divine Comedy. The great thing, after all, is to have something to express, and one can have neither profound experiences nor great thoughts nor deep sympathies unless he submits himself to the education of those common experiences which make up human life. To live deeply is the first condition of doing a great work, and to live deeply one must live in the broad current where other men's interests and sufferings, no less than his own, jostle against him, and at times all but overwhelm him.—Christian Union.

The New Birth.

I do not believe that the new birth is merely a renovation of the old carnal mind or spirit. But that it is such a change as makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus. And that it makes us to be the workmanship of God, created in Christ Jesus unto good works in which God hath before ordained that we should walk. I believe it is a change so radical that in being born of the Spirit we put off the old man with his deeds; and that we put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him who created him. I believe that the new birth puts us in Christ; and that if any man is in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away; that in Christ Jesus neither circumcision avails anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. I believe that in being born of the Spirit, we put off the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and that we put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. I believe that a man must be born of the Spirit in order to enter into the kingdom of God, or be one of his children; and when so born, that the seed of God remains in the man, so that the new spiritual man does not and cannot sin, because he is a partaker of the divine nature, and to sin would corrupt that nature. I believe that when a man is born of the Spirit, he is crucified with Christ, nevertheless he lives; yet I do not believe it is he as he was before. But that now, it is Christ living in the man, and that the life he now lives he lives by the faith of the Son of God and a joint heir with Christ; and is kept by the power of God, so that all the hosts of hell cannot beat him out of a home in heaven. But that when he is done with this sin-cursed world, he shall go home to rest in glory with God.—Rev. Swafford, in Texas Baptist and Herald.

God's Claim Upon Time.

Most of us take a false view of time with respect to God. We think of time as our own, and assume the right to allot such a portion of it to God and his service as we see fit. Some outwardly very pious people really allow God but one-seventh of the week. Others aim to give him more than this, but the more they give, the more credit they take to themselves, so that really they are but making God buy the extra time with an equivalent measure of his favor.

Now the truth is that God owns absolutely all the time that exists; for he made both time and us, and what he has never alienated from himself must still be his. The question is not "How much time ought I give to God's service?" but "How can I most wisely apportion all his time to the different services he requires of me?" So that it does not reduce to a matter of secular and religious time sharing, the religious time belong-

ing to God, and the secular time belonging to man. We serve God just as truly in our studies, in our tasks, in our recreations, as we do in our church work—if only we put God's spirit into all we do. Why should Monday be less sacred than Sunday? All time is sacred, and all work is sacred, because in all time, and all activity we are either serving or dishonoring God by the spirit that is in us. Tennyson sings, "Our wills are ours to make them Thine." The same is true of what we call our time—it is ours to make it God's.—Zion's Herald.

One Kind of Christianity.

On a holy-day not long since a lady belonging to our "upper ten" went to Trinity church, and seeing a lady alone in a favorable pew went forward and entered the pew. The occupant looked up from her prayer-book and said: "This is my pew; and if others come there will be no room for you." The lady in question bowed and left, and on seeing only one person directly in front of the seat she had just left stepped into the pew. At the same moment the first Christian (P) leaned forward and spoke a few words to the second, who said to the stranger: "I think friends may come, who will require these seats." Upon which the stranger left the second pew; and while standing for a moment in the aisle, wondering if she could have made a mistake in the church, an old friend and one of the most distinguished members of the congregation opened his door, inviting her to enter. After the service he told her that she "would be welcome to a seat there at any and all times."

The two Christian women were evidently surprised at the stranger's friendly reception, and afterward expressed their chagrin, particularly as their not recognizing the thought-to-be intruder was a reflection upon themselves. Should this meet the eye of either of those ladies it is to be hoped at another time they may consent to be more courteous and more worthy to be numbered among Phillips Brooks' flock.—Boston Courier.

True Greatness.

One of the hardest things for the ordinary man to do is to confess, "I have made a mistake." Our pride rebels against acknowledging anything like a failure upon our part. We are naturally inclined to throw the blame upon others, and to take none of it ourselves. It requires moral nerve to assume our due share of responsibility in any reverse sustained or wrong done. Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault." A less honorable and frank man would have sought to find a scape-goat for the miscarriage of his plans. As Goldsmith truly remarks, "His confession shows more greatness than his victories." He who confesses his mistakes not only evinces a nobility of spirit, but is likely to guard against them in the future, as well as to make amends for them as far as may be in his power.—Sel.

"Keep Thyself Pure."

What the Christian Standard says below of an evangelist will apply with equal force to every man who ever named the name of Christ:

The conduct of an evangelist in the presence of ladies should be most exemplary. An unbecoming familiarity with women, either in or out of the church, if known, will kill his influence, and the meeting will die on his hands. If it is not generally known, he knows it himself, and he is a base hypocrite who persists in preaching the gospel while he disgraces its Author. Paul wrote to Timothy, "Keep thyself pure." An evangelist ought to be a clean man. He should not use tobacco in any form. He will lose his influence upon the people if he persists in this habit. How can a preacher persuade other men to deny self when he cannot, or will not, do so himself? An evangelist must be a pattern of personal neatness. His appearance should always be tidy. He cannot win men if he is slovenly and dirty. He need not be a fop, but should always see that his clothes are becoming and clean.

Old Age.

At one time when Denn Stanley was sixty years of age, a little boy said to him, with a child's frankness, "Why, all your life is over." To which the man replied, "Oh, no, the best is yet to come!" With the same serene hope he spoke of death, on another occasion, as follows:

The soul finds itself on the mountain ridge overlooking the unknown future; our company before is gone; the kinsfolk and friends of many years are passed over the dark river, and we are left alone with God. We know not in the shadow of the night who it is that touches us—we feel only that the everlasting arms are closing us in; the morning breaks, we are bid to depart in peace, for by a strength not our own we have prevailed and the path is made clear before us.—Sel.

Duty.

It is by doing our duty that we learn to do it. So long as men dispute whether or no a thing is their duty, they never get the nearer. Let them set ever so weakly about doing it, and the face of things alters. They find in themselves strength which they knew not of. Difficulties which it seemed to them they could not get over, disappear. For He accompanies it with the influence of His blessed Spirit, and each performance opens our minds for larger influences of His grace, and places them in communion with Him.—E. B. Pusey, in Signs of the Times.

Life without industry is guilt.—Ruskin.

COMPOSITE HUMANITY.

MAN MAY BE BOUND IN HALF CALF OR DOGSKIN.

By Swapping Skin and Bones With the Brutes, the Future Man May Cast Sheep's Eyes at His Fellow in Earnest —Harvard Notes.

Slowly and surely the word "impossible" is becoming obsolete in the lexicon of surgery, as each year sees triumphantly performed under the scalpel of the skilled practitioner feats undreamed of a decade before.

Following rapidly upon the track of a successful operation in Texas in which the diseased collar bone of a patient was replaced by a portion of the osseous anatomy of a sheep, came the clean removal of a diseased lobe of a child's brain in a Philadelphia hospital, the successful patching of a lacerated stomach, removed and replaced in the operation, and a most remarkable case of bone grafting in New York.

In the last instance the removed bone of a lad's calf was supplanted by one from a spaniel's leg, a severed end of the latter being splinted to the calf, and both boy and dog carefully tended until the knitting was effected, when the strange pair were separated and human and canine patient nursed back to health and strength.

These are but a few illustrations of the strides taken by modern surgery. But they suffice, even without further trust in the future, to make average humanity thankful for its nineteenth century existence.

When one of Noah's grandchildren lost a finger in a hay cutter or an arm in a buzz-saw, or had an eye put out or a leg cut off, or lost his hair or teeth, he was forced to go without the item thus deducted from his sum total for the rest of his mortal life. It is hard to credit the amount of patching up that may now be accomplished by the advanced processes and inventions of these days.

Suppose that a man has lost all four limbs, his hair, his eyes, his nose, all his teeth and a portion of his palate; he has a fractured skull and tubercles on his lungs. The gentleman may also be covered with the pits of an early case of small-pox, and may have been presented at his birth with a large mole on his cheek.

First, of course, he will have his head trepanned by some skillful surgeon, and when he has had the tubercles removed from his lungs by a specialist in pulmonary diseases and has recovered from the exhausting effects of these two operations he will be in a proper state to have his eyes attended to. A rabbit is selected, whose optics are of a color becoming to the subject, and one of them is transplanted by means of transfusion. Of course he could hardly expect to have both eyes successfully supplied in this way, but supposing he has good luck and one grows satisfactorily, the other socket, for the sake of beauty and symmetry, will be filled by one of the glass eyes now manufactured to such perfection.

His next proceeding will be to call in a maker of artificial limbs and be measured for a full suit of arms and legs.

If the patient is fortunate enough to have one arm down to the wrist, he will be supplied with a hand with which he can manage to write a little and feed himself quite perfectly. His lower limbs will convey him from place to place, not very gracefully, to be sure, but still as well as many more lame legs convey their owners, and which, sitting or resting, will present, perhaps, a more symmetrical appearance than the originals they have succeeded.

The once total wreck is still bald, toothless and disfigured with pockmarks and a mole. An artificial set of teeth, quite as good as the original article and incapable of aching, will be supplied by any good dentist, and the missing portion of the palate also will be furnished. Then the hair would naturally be his next thought.

He may have hair or portions of scalp transplanted to the uncovered cranium. But this is a long and painful process, so we will suppose that the subject contents himself with a wig. Fortunately, in these days wigs are made which are entirely deceptive and, so far as appearance goes, look quite as well as nature's own production.

The beauty seeker next goes to that artist of recent growth, the "dermatologist," who first destroys his mole by "electrolysis," and then gets to work upon the pockmarks. These are smoothed by a disintegrating process, which loosens up the fibrous structure of the scars and smooths down the whole face by a sort of planing method. He is still disfigured by the want of a nose, certainly a most important lack in a human countenance. This feature may now be supplied by surgery by transplanting a fold of flesh from some living arm, which is held near to the face to be repaired until a portion of the fold has grown fast in its new situation, and then is wholly separated from the arm and forms a fairly satisfactory nasal appendage.

Here the former human wreck may walk about the streets or call upon his feminine acquaintances, quite capable of appreciating their charms, for he has one available eye. He may smile also, for his molars and incisors are

now plentiful and of pearly whiteness, and, though his nose may be a trifle pudding-like and lack Grecian symmetry of line, his delicate complexion and luxuriant hair largely compensates for this trifling defect.

He will never, of course, be a satisfactory partner in the waltz, but his dignified repose and symmetrical limbs must make him an ornament to the reception and conversation.

Thus, while the vital organs remain within the trunk and the gray matter of the brain is intact a man need not despair, and surgeons believe that we may soon expect to see the ill-furnished cranium supplied with such qualities as it lacks, and poets, painters, inventors and philosophers manufactured out of the raw material of the idiot ward and the stage door contingent.

Shorthand Has a Limit.

There are limits to shorthand. Every honest stenographer will admit that no person is able to report the most rapid speakers or to follow with accuracy an argument which consists of many references to scientific books, and contains quotations which must be accurately recorded. In practice, wherever a speaker makes use of many quotations, particularly of poetry or of statistics, the stenographer is always anxious to be supplied with the quoted parts. Among the very best stenographers the practical impossibility of one writer being able to record the most difficult speaking with accuracy is so well recognized that in the most important cases a system of check notes is always observed so that points which may be missed by one writer will be caught by another. This is really not an unusual practice, and it has been found to be absolutely essential in many cases.

In shorthand writing there are many expedients, there are many omissions of sounds and letters, so that a great deal of the accuracy of transcribing depends upon the intelligence of the transcriber. There are comparatively few words which are written out in the shorthand notes. It is true that some expert writers are able to write words almost fully, and there are some who write so fully that their notes may be transcribed by others; but the great majority of shorthand writers write notes which can be read only by themselves, and which are in most cases but suggestions of words.

A Lovely Time.

Oh! dear, mamma, we've had such fun Since you have been away; We got the brand new microscope That aunt bought yesterday, And took a drop of vinegar To look at, and, oh! dear, The things we saw a-wiggling 'round Were very, very queer. Some had no heads, and there was scarce A leg among them all, And many of the bigger ones Kept swallowing the small. It scared us awfully to see Them act so strange and bad, But, oh! mamma, you can't think what A lovely time we had!

Evea So.

The first half of man's life, 'tis true, He spends in finding what to do; The other half, see if he won't, He spends in learning what to don't.

Starts the Graveyard.

Out in the Erie coal fields near Burlington, Col., a few years ago a lean, freckle-faced fellow, with high Spanish heels on his boots, walked into the Stone and Quartz saloon, at Burlington, and, leaning his long body on his bony arms on the bar, turned round to the half dozen loiterers in the place, and with a drawl drew his lantern jaw down on his flannel shirt and said:

"How long has this yer camp been a runnin'?" "Two years," replied the bartender, without raising his eyes. "Graveyard begun yit?" "Not yet."

"Bout time the camp had one. S'pose I start one?" One bony arm left the bar. It never reached it's owner's belt. There was a noise that sounded like a man dropping a log chain in an empty hardware store, and this noise was followed by a crash of exploding six shooters from the holsters. A curtain of white smoke rolled up against the ceiling. The man at the bar made a lurch and then fell upon the floor. Six bullets were in his body.

A graveyard was started in Burlington next morning. The lean man started it himself. Burlington is now wiped out, but high up on Hoar Rib Butte is one grave. It is the only one the camp left.—N. Y. Dispatch.

His Sources of Information.

A Washington young man, whose pen has made him indirectly acquainted with many discriminating readers, recently became more than discreetly intimate with the cup that cheers, and is now wondering whether he has really signed an agreement to ship as a sailor on an ice boat. If he is under such obligation seamen must be rather scarce, for a conversation something as follows took place between him and the officer:

"Have you any knowledge of the business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Glad to hear it. Where did you get it?"

"I have a vast fund of nautical information which I acquired by reading sea stories that I wrote myself."—Washington Post.

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LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

Two lovers by the old front gate,
So young and all alone!
The village clock tolls, late! late! late!
Twelve times in solemn tone.

"No! No!"
A deep voice says aloud,
"Sweetheart, don't go
Till the moon goes under a cloud."

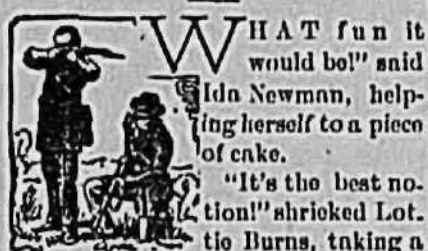
The queen of night rides high in space
Serenely bright and fair;
Her kisses gild the young swain's face,
The maiden's glossy hair.

"Till late,"
And all their vows are vowed;
Why wait and wait,
Till the moon goes under a cloud?

The fair girl's dewy lips repeat:
"Good night is not good-by."
But love in youth is very sweet,
And village maidens are shy.

"Dear one,
With head so sweetly bowed—
Don't run, don't run,
Till the moon goes under a cloud."
—George Horton.

WE MADE THE MATCH.



"What fun it would be!" said Ida Newman, helping herself to a piece of cake.

"It's the best notion!" shrieked Lottie Burns, taking a candied cherry from a paper.

"You had better enjoy the joke less audibly, or we'll have some one coming to see what is the matter," interposed Grace Carleton in a whisper.

The three girls were sitting upon the floor near the open window in their sleeping-room, surreptitiously enjoying the dainties that Lottie's married sister, who had been to boarding school and knew all about it, had smuggled in an innocent-looking parcel that morning.

They were all supposed to be in bed. The time devoted to recreation—in which they played battledore and shuttlecock or grace-hoops in the long school-room—had passed; the hour during which Miss Chesney read aloud from some good book not calculated to offend the religious prejudices of anyone, while the pupils crocheted or knitted or "went on" mysteries in worsted-work, had passed as usual; they had had prayers, and retired to their dormitories, and after a certain space the gas had been turned off; and here they were up again, each wrapped in a counterpane, endeavoring to ruin their youthful digestions by the light of the midnight moon.

"She has no business to peep and pry as she does," said Ida, "and go about soot-footed and pop down on us when she is least expected to do so."

"Of course she hasn't," said Lottie.

"Let us do it!" said Grace.

"I can see him with my own glass," said Ida. "I believe he is writing poetry."

The three girls got upon their knees, and looked through the optical instrument in question, which had been in use before and now stood upon the window-seat.

"No; he is copying music," said Grace. "Oh, dear! how funny he is, with his big nose and his bald head—quite a comic character!"

"Sentimental, too—he'd believe it all," said Ida.

"The question is," said Lottie, "what are we to write to her? He may believe a lady has sent for him because she has fallen in love with him as he appears at present; but if we were to write to her that an elderly gentleman had done the same thing, she would instantly tell her respected principal, let loose the watch-dog look herself in her own room, send for the magistrate, and never come out again until the villain was arrested."

"That is true," said Ida. "Miss Chesney is roper to the tips of her toes. Prudence Chesney—doesn't the name suit her? I tell you what we will do, girls; we'll write to her that a poor but worthy gentleman whom she once knew in great distress, and begs a little assistance."

"She'll be sure to answer that," said Lottie; "she gives away her small change to every beggar on the road."

"Yes, and she doesn't get too much of it herself, either," said Grace. "Oh, say—it would be too bad!"

However, the spirit of fun, and the utter heartlessness of her companions overcame her, and by the light of a well-preserved wax candle the trio indited the following notes—the first as follows:

"DEAR SIR—I am a teacher in—Institute, and being in possession of an opera-glass, often spent more time than I would be willing to confess to in watching you as you sat at your window engaged, I doubt not, in musical composition. The balmy breezes even bring to me sometimes the magic strains of your violin. May I dare to beg an interview? I should like to see more of one of whom I think so often."

PRUDENCE CHESNEY.

"P. S.—I shall be in the grove in the school garden at half-past seven this evening."

"Lovely!" cried the girls, when Lottie read this composition aloud to them.

"Now what is the individual's name?" asked Lottie.

"Peter Palmer, Professor of Music," giggled Ida. "Oh, Peter, you don't know what we are doing over here," and she threw a kiss toward the window of the house in the village street at which the unconscious musician sat at work. "Now for the other letter, Lottie." Lottie considered,

"Father gets lots of begging letters," said she; "they usually begin like this: 'Dear Madam'—in this case—'You may not remember my name, but I was once an old friend. Fortune has smiled on you and frowned on me. I am in great need of temporary assistance in order to reach London, where I am sure of obtaining a position under Government, &c., &c. Then I will indicate the grove and the hour, and sign 'Peter Palmer.'"

"Splendid!" cried the other girls, and these precious missives were directed and stamped, and tucked under Lottie's pillow that they might be posted in the morning, and posted they were; and when in the twilight the three girls saw Miss Chesney in her best dress too, steal out of her home and take her way towards the grove they were delighted. Up to their dormitory they rushed, and through the open glass door beheld the musician picking his way along the dusty road. He had on a blue necktie, and wore a rosebud in his button hole, and before he entered the grove he paused and dusted his boots with an old pocket-handkerchief, which he afterwards carefully concealed in his coat-tail pockets, while he arranged a snow-white and spotless one so that its edge should be just visible above his heart.

"If we could only see them meet," said Lottie.

"It would be dangerous," said Ida. "I believe we have committed forgery."

Grace began to cry.

"I declare, we have been too bad," said she. "I don't mind about Peter, but Miss Chesney will feel awfully."

Meanwhile that lady was waiting in the grove, and shortly heard a step upon the path which led to the road. She waited hardly daring to look up until a figure stood before her; then she lifted her eyes. She had expected to see a squalid object in rags, or at least patches; the neat appearance of the musician relieved her mind. He spoke at once:

"It is so good of you to meet me here," he said. "I have known for some time that you were teaching in this school, but the painful circumstances of our last meeting deterred me from making myself known."

"It is a long while ago," said Miss Chesney, looking down. But I am glad you still consider me your friend."

"My very dearest, while I live," said Peter Palmer, smiling, "and that you have proved your confidence in me by—by what you have done."

"I always felt," said Peter, "that others were to blame."

"They were," said Prudence. "Some falsehoods were uttered. No matter, those who uttered them are now no more."

"But we live," said Peter, with emphasis. Prudence was regaining her composure which had been a little disturbed by recognizing in the musician an old friend, one indeed to whom she had been engaged at the age of eighteen, and whom she had never quite forgotten.

"We will talk of the present," said she. "I desire to assure you of my sympathy with your distress."

"It changes, as you speak, to happiness and hope," said Peter.

"If my power were equal to my will, you would suffer no more," said Prudence. "But, unhappily, I am entirely dependent on my own resources. My poor father failed before he died, and I have only a limited salary; still, I have saved something—enough, I hope, to take you to London, and you are very, very welcome to it."

Here she took from a small reticule upon her arm an envelope which she handed to Peter. He, for his part, stared at her in astonishment, growing crimson as he did so.

"Ten pounds is not much," said Prudence. But—

"You are offering me ten pounds?" asked Peter.

"Yes, only that; but can't you go to London with it?" asked Prudence. "I believe the tickets—"

"You want me to go to London?" asked Peter. "Why?"

"Unless I misunderstand your note, Mr. Palmer, you hope for a position under government there," said Prudence.

"My note!" repeated Peter. "Have I answered your kind letter and forgotten that I did so? At all events, I never dreamed of a political situation anywhere. Really, Miss Chesney, there is some strange mistake."

"My kind letter!" cried Prudence. "Mr. Palmer, I did not even know that you were in the village until you wrote to me asking—that is, alluding to our old friendship and your ill-fortune."

"Here is your note," said Mr. Palmer, taking the letter from his bosom.

"And here is yours," said Miss Chesney, opening her reticule.

"The girls of the first class are responsible for this," said she.

"For this also," said Peter. "Happily, by good luck, and though leading a quiet life, I am rather well off than otherwise; happy and content, but for a memory of the past that will recur."

"I am deeply mortified!" began Miss Chesney.

Then Peter Palmer drew closer to her and took her hand.

"You are the innocent victim of an atrocious and idiotic trick," said he. "But, Prudence, I shall thank Heaven for it if it is but the cause of bringing us together again. I have altered much outwardly, but my heart is the same as in my youth, and you are just as sweet as ever."

She did look so at that moment as

the memories of her youth came rushing back upon her; and in her eyes Peter Palmer was not at all the funny, middle-aged bachelor that he was to the laughing school girls, but just her own old sweetheart who still loved her.

"Just to think of it!" cried Lottie Burns, a month or so after this. "Miss Chesney is going to be married to Peter Palmer, Professor of Music."

"What!" shrieked the other girls. "Honor bright!" said Lottie. "We must have made the match!"

Well, girls," said Grace, "for my part I am glad it has ended this way, and I propose we take up a collection for a silver water-pitcher from the class as a wedding present."

It was Lottie who presented it, and she never knew, nor did any of the other girls, how forbearing Miss Chesney had been in not exposing them.

An Affecting Incident.

The conflagration of the scaffold intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XIV is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails. I can go no further."

"There is yet a way!" cried the lover in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardor and strength. He resists the most violent excursions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued, and death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round. It was a different person! Another, more active had taken advantage of his recommendation. His beloved was no more!—New York Ledger.

A Queen in Exile.

Silk seems to be the Cinderella of the tariff. It has been called the queen of the textiles, but it is very much neglected just now. Fashion, more powerful even than statutes, has turned to other favorites for the moment, and in consequence there is anxiety and even dismay at Paterson and in the silk market. One of the largest silk manufacturers dumped 1,300 pieces of dress goods on the market, through the auction room, and by the help of some good friends in the trade managed to get fair prices. But the test will come when there is to be the largest auction sale of silk goods in the history of the country. Perhaps the largest mill in the United States will then offer 3,750 pieces of dress goods in a peremptory sale under the hammer. This means that even the leading manufacturers cannot dispose of its goods through the ordinary channel, and decides to cut the Gordian knot with the blunt but effective weapon, the auctioneer's mallet. The outcome of this sale will be watched with keen interest all over the country, as it will be a proof of the hard-pan value of silk in this its day of neglect.—Henry R. Elliot, in Washington Star.

Didn't Comfort Him Any.

From the Boston Courier.

The line in which consolations run is something unique enough and the want of tact which some folks display is as conspicuous as is the ease and grace with which some folks glide out of an awkward situation;

A nice old lady recently related at much length how complete heart-broken an old man was at the death of his only daughter.

"He is completely prostrated," she said. "He cannot bear to be separated from her, and he says that there was never anybody so afflicted before in the world."

"But he is so old her hearer responded, 'that he cannot possibly live long. I should think he would think how soon he will go to her.'"

"Yes," responded the other.

"That is what I just told him the day of the funeral, and I thought he was offended. At any rate it didn't seem to comfort him any."

An Ancient Mule.

Speaking of ancient mules, this from the Hamilton (Mo.) News-Graphic is quite interesting: "Julius a mule now owned by Maj. Robert J. Williams of Ray county, came into his possession during the siege of Vicksburg. From that time to the close of the war Julius was one of the team that hauled the major's mess-wagon and brought him home to Missouri. She was twice wounded during the siege at Vicksburg with Minie-bullets, one of which remained in her body until a few years ago, when it worked its way through and fell out. The mule is quite feeble and is in her 35th year. She is tenderly cared for by her grateful owner and the members of his family."

THE CAMP FIRE.

EXPERIENCES OF SOLDIERS DURING THE LATE REBELLION.

Veterans Becoming Insane—Wives in the Army—The Wilderness Again—Short Items, Etc.

The Milwaukee National Home contains at this writing probably 2,500 members, all of whom, with very few exceptions, were pronounced sane men by the examining surgeon when admitted. As the years rolled by more and more became insane. Most are harmless, but some are vicious. Every year a batch of these unfortunate are sent to the asylum at Washington, in order to make room here, and for better treatment at the capital. Still, they multiply at an alarming rate, till the number of so-called "cranks" is something fearful to understand, even by a close observer. The causes are said to be broken health, broken hearts, broken fortunes, family troubles and failure in obtaining pensions. For the benefit of, and as a well-meant, timely warning to all comrades, and wives, sons and daughters of veterans who are now inmates of this or any other Home, I wish to give my own reason for this increase of insanity among the old soldiers. In a majority of cases I honestly believe that the cause can plainly be traced to an entirely different source than the above mentioned reason. Friends, you have neglected the veteran by considering that he has already been well provided for by a grateful people, and consequently you have almost entirely forgotten him—you never (or hardly ever) correspond, never send him his local newspapers; you do not cheer him up, and never throw a ray of sunshine across his lonely, wearisome way. Days, weeks, months and years pass by, but he never receives a single token of love or remembrance. Day after day our feeble old friend of former happy days wanders to his postoffice and calls for letters that never come. Week after week he sends messages to loved ones, or friends of his schoolboy days, but never receives an answer. Slowly, with feeble steps and bowed head, he walks about the Home grounds; his comrades that pass by he never knows. Life is a drudge, and hope is gone, and how it ends you can well imagine. Some day his room-mates read his funeral notice on the "bulletin board" in the main hall, or are informed that he has been sent over to the "crazy" ward. The governor of the Home is a kind and just man. The surgeons do all they can to ease the old sufferer, but alas! they cannot return youth to them; they cannot replace friends, wives, sons and daughters, and above all, the National Home is not the "Home, Sweet Home," that the soldier dreamed and sang of during and before the war. Please remember your old friends at the Home, and forgive me if I have spoken rashly or wrong.—Fred Rogge, 38th Ohio Inf., in Toledo Blade.

Wives in the Army.

In the army, as elsewhere, the man who squanders his money will be always poor and wretched. On the contrary, if he is industrious and thrifty there is no walk of life in which an ignorant, unlettered man, lacking the education necessary to enable him to aspire to anything better than daily labor for daily bread, can do better.

Though only officers are now permitted to have their wives with them, yet when I became a soldier in 1842 and for many years afterward a certain number of women were allowed to each company in a regiment as laundresses. These women were the wives of the private soldiers, and as I was so fortunate as to secure one of these positions for my wife I was able to have her with me until the breaking out of the late civil war. This practice is still observed in all the armies of Great Britain and her colonies, and I think our government made a great mistake in abandoning it. Married men with wife and children by their side make the best soldiers.

The presence of those dear ones restrains a man and tends to make and keep him over sober, faithful and brave in the discharge of his duty. In time of battle he has a more direct interest in winning the fight than the single man, or he whose wife and children are in perfect safety hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles away. He feels that he is battling for a personal stake, and accordingly puts forth his highest, best efforts. In this respect a British soldier has a marked advantage over the American, though in every other way the condition of the former is not so good as that of the latter. The British soldier is not so well paid nor so well fed, and his chances for promotion are not nearly so good, but to be allowed to have wife and children with him more than compensates him for all his other disadvantages.—James Whalen, in Chicago News.

The Wilderness.

War's Brigade, of Illinois' Division, Second Corps, formerly First Division, Third Corps (the old Phil. Kenney Division), of which our regiment, the 4th Mo., was a part, held the second-line of low breastworks along the Brock road, with our right on the Plank road, at the time, 4 p. m., May 6, 1864. The assault was made by Longstreet on our front line of works. These works were low and composed of logs, dirt, brush—anything we could find handy to pile up as a cover. The front line was held by the Second Division of the old Third Corps, then a part of the Second, under Hancock. The 30th Ind., which is mentioned, was a part of that command. The rebels drove them from the first line

back upon our line. These works were not over 200 feet apart and the Brock road lay between them. The rebels planted their colors on the first line. We were ordered to charge over our works, and did so. The troops there rallied, and together we drove the rebels back at the point of the bayonet, hardly giving them time to get their colors. An attempt was made to capture them, but the rebels got them and retreated. The works to the left of us were on fire at the time, but not in our front. When the old Third Corps gave way in confusion it was time for Carroll's or any other troops to be looking for a line of retreat.

Our men that fell on that afternoon are buried on the east side of the Brock road near the plank road.

We held this position until we marched to the left to Todd's Tavern, and I think the history made by Hancock and Sleske's old corps, united under one command, was as brilliant and full of fight as that scored by any other organization of the Army of the Potomac.

I remained with the boys until severely wounded at the charge on Taylor's Bridge at the crossing of the North Anna, and though the old division with the red diamond was badly used up by that time it was still in the ring when I left to go home on a stretcher.—F. E. Donk, in Nat. Tribune.

More Than Two Thousand Deserters.

In his message the Secretary of War says: The number of desertions from the army for the twelve months ending September 30 were 2,086, as against 2,761 for the same period last year, a decrease of 24 per cent. This result is due to such improvements in the service as could be accomplished under existing legislation. Although desertions are already greatly reduced, so long as they continue in any considerable numbers they must have a bad effect upon the morale of the army and entail a large and needless expense. The practical solution of this somewhat vexed question assumes three phases: First, how to make the service more desirable; second, how to remove the artificial restraints which, by binding a man inflexibly to a long service which has become distasteful to him, naturally drives him to desperate means; third, how to make the punishment for the crime so certain that if more worthy motives fail men, may be warned by its fear. As to the second and third there is legislation enough, at least with our present experience. With respect to the first there is, I think, need of more.

A Pension Decision.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered a decision in the pension case of the mother of Lorenzo G. Babcock, late of Co. E, 125th N. Y., which involves the question of line of duty. It appears from the record that Babcock served in the army from August, 1862, until May, 1864, and was regarded as an efficient and faithful soldier. During the struggle in the wilderness, early in May, 1864, he underwent extraordinary fatigue, prolonged exposure to fire, arduous exertions, and loss of sleep. After several days of service of this character, he committed suicide by shooting himself through the breast. The department is convinced from the testimony that he had become mentally deranged, and that the whole aberration of mind was developed in the service long after enlistment. The department therefore reverses the former decision of the Commissioner of Pensions, and accepts it as a fact that this man, through no possible fault of his own, was irresponsible for the fatal act, and died in line of duty.

Not According to Upton.

In the early days of the war a certain Maine regiment on its way to the seat of war held a dress parade in Union Square, New York. This parade was preliminary to a flag presentation by citizens of Maine residing in New York City. The men looked their best. Everything moved along as merry as you please till our Colonel desired to give an order of some nature to our Adjutant. Where Adjutant "Fille" was just at the moment, never mind. Old "Jack" couldn't find him. Here was a dilemma, and the colonel—yes, somewhat—voice of the Colonel was heard, thusly: "Jim! Ho, Jim! Ye-oh, Jim!" It is needless to say "Jim" soon appeared, and saluting the Colonel received his orders *soffo* voce, and "Attention."—St. Maine! etc. We were soon by company front on our way down Broadway, but "Jim! Ho, Jim!" resounds in our ears to-day as we think of those days of yore when grim-visaged war held sway.—F. Prescott, in Chicago Ledger.

Heaven and Earth.

Mrs. Fangle—You used to call me your angel, Henry, but you never say so now.

Mr. Fangle—No, my dear; I have found out the difference. Angels, you know, don't care anything about dresses.—West Shore.

A Bad Sign.

Sign Painter—Now, Missus John-sing, what does you want put on dis yer sign?

Missus John-sing (after a moment of deep thought)—I gues you'd put 'scrubbin' done in here,' will do.—Am. Cultivator.

What Decided Her.

Maud—Which have you elected to study—French or German?

Ethel—French.

Maud—Do you like French better than you do German?

Ethel—No, but I like the French professor better.—Yonkers Blade.

GUARDING AGAINST MUTINY.

How an East Indian Prince Was Outwitted by the British Minister.

The British government takes every possible precaution to prevent the people of India from having arms to indulge in a second mutiny. As it cannot disarm the troops of the semi-independent native Princes that are under British protection and at whose courts there are ministers resident, some English statesmen have hit upon a novel and presumably successful method of preventing any prolonged hostilities on the part of those Princes.

The soldiers of these potentates had old-fashioned matchlocks and muzzle-loading rifles that were fired by means of percussion caps. The minister resident at the court of one of the most powerful of these Princes in conversation with that sovereign one day remarked that his men would be much better disciplined if they had a uniform firearm and suggested the use of the breech-loading rifles, such as are used in the British army. The British government, he said, would furnish the breech-loaders in substitution for the clumsy weapons which the native troops used, and for which bullets of a dozen different calibers had to be made. The government would also supply the necessary cartridges.

The Prince was delighted with the idea and at once gave his consent. The old guns and muskets of obsolete types were turned over to the government and the Prince's troops were equipped with breech-loading rifles of the latest pattern, and supplies of cartridges for target practice were issued every month. The Prince took great pleasure in superintending the maneuvers of his soldiers and in admiring the long range and precision of the rifles. But as the novelty wore off it began to dawn upon the mind of the Prince that the bargain was not such a very good one for him in case he should ever undertake to throw off the British yoke, inasmuch as the supply of cartridges, though plentiful enough for practice, was not sufficient to carry on any warfare, and the rifles without the cartridges were not much better than so many clubs. So he suggested to the minister resident the propriety of starting a cartridge factory in his principality.

"Oh, no," replied the minister resident, "your highness does not need any cartridge factory. Her Imperial majesty Victoria will give you the cartridges you need, but does not wish to burden you with a factory, as the government can make them cheaper than any one."

The Prince's troops are using the new rifles yet, and every month get cartridges enough for practice. In case of war the old firearms would have been much handier, as every Hindoo knows how to make powder, and flint for matchlocks or percussion caps can easily be got.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

There will soon be an entrance fee of a franc for the Vatican museum.

Senator Warren, of Wyoming, is six feet tall, and his form is as straight as a Rocky Mountain pine. He is a blonde, rather good looking, and talks and dresses well. He is 45 years old.

The late Baron Hausman's rule for success in life was always to flatter the wives of the deputies who voted appropriations. It worked like a charm.

The publication of a weekly journal to propagate nationalistic theories and under the editorship of Edward Bellamy is to be begun soon in Boston.

The champagne outlook is gloomy. The phylloxera is reported to have made its reappearance, and, owing to the comparative failure of most of the vineyards since 1884, champagne is likely to be shortly both scarce and dear.

A Boston publisher says that he still sells 20,000 copies a year of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Several seasons ago he got out a special edition of the book and sold 60,000 copies of it.

The Welmar Society for the Circulation of Good Literature, distributed during the last year 300,000 copies of wholesome tales and novels. At the same time it has increased its membership to 5,000 and has laid by \$10,000.

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The Disability bill is a law. Holders of disability since the war are entitled. Veterans who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address:
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THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT, AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. No. 25.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Feb. 19, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICLY IN ADVANCE.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:10 A. M.
No. 9, 1:10 P. M.
No. 11, 12:50 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 5:05 A. M.
No. 4, 11:55 A. M.
No. 6, 3:47 P. M.
No. 10, 7:50 A. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above
trains, run daily between Chicago and Wauke-
gan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, AGT.

Antioch Home News.

Attend the masquerade ball at Rogers hall to-morrow night.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

We handle all kinds of sewing machine supplies, needles always on hand. All kinds of gilding and fixtures for decorating purposes at J. C. James & Son's furniture store.

A party from Chicago was in this village on Thursday last with a view of establishing a wagon-shop here. We see no reason why a good shop of this kind would not be a "howling success."

Antioch will vote on Wednesday, February 25, whether they shall incorporate as a village or not. Let Antioch look at Burlington and see how she has prospered since incorporation and then "go and do likewise." — *Standard Democrat*.

Mr. Fred Krakosky, Senior Vice Commander of Luther Crane Post No. 201 G. A. R. of Burlington Wis. was in our village a couple of days on recruiting service, for the Burlington Post, among our Army boys. Several of our prominent citizens, who shouldered a musket through many a weary march, have sent in application for membership in the Post and others will follow. The parties who have sent in their applications will unite with the Post Saturday evening of this week, and all old soldiers who can do so are cordially invited to attend, and join in the social festivities of the occasion.

Scattered here and there throughout our little village are a few men whose actions are so consistent with their arguments. When they are asked to subscribe towards building sidewalks or improving the streets they will tell you that the sidewalks and streets are all right as they are. In front of their residences are sidewalks (?) that become at least six inches deep every time it rains. But this does not worry them in the least, as they will then cross the street and walk down town on private walks built and maintained by their more enterprising neighbors.

The Japanese student from Evanston who lectured at the M. E. church on Sunday last was favored with a large audience at both the morning and evening services. Although but seventeen months in this country he has acquired a very fair knowledge of the English language, and his description of Japanese home life and customs was very entertaining and instructive throughout. He dwelt for some time on his journey to this country; and the manner in which he was treated by some "not christian" Americans, as he rightly termed them, but reiterates the fact that what we need is a few Japanese missionaries to this country. The Japanese as a nation are intelligent and are eager to adopt anything that would be the means of their further advancement, yet when they come to this country for learning the great American public is inclined to look down upon them as being an infinitely inferior race, which is an injustice. The young student is but 19 years old and still wears his native costume. When he completes his studies here he will return as a missionary to Japan.

The friends of Miss Bell Howard gave her a pleasant surprise party at her home in this village on Friday evening last.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son having got their feed mill in perfect working order are prepared to do first class grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week at reasonable rates.

THE Brazil reciprocity treaty appears to be the most popular thing the administration has yet done; it will unquestionably enlarge our markets, and that is just what the country needs.

On Wednesday evening of last week the school-mate friends of Miss Vida Richards tendered her a surprise party at her home in this village. The evening was passed very pleasantly by games and music. About 27 schoolmates were present.

There will be a New England supper at Chinn's hall on next Tuesday evening Feb. 24. All interested are requested to bring something for the supper. Proceeds to go toward payment of the M. E. pastor's salary. Come and have a good time.

There will be a grand masquerade ball at Rogers Hall in this village on Friday evening, Feb. 20th, 1891. Music will be furnished by the Waukegan Orchestra. Tickets including supper, \$1.50. The event will be one of the most enjoyable of the season and all are cordially invited to attend. Masks will be sold at C. O. Foltz's store.

Up to the present time sixteen residents of incorporated villages have sent in their views on incorporation, and out of the entire number only two are opposed to it. Now fellow citizens do some intelligent thinking for yourselves. Would those men (all of them taxpayers) so strongly favor incorporation if they did not see its benefits? Certainly not.

In the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Albert Herman to Miss Mary A. Brogan, made in last week's issue of this paper, a mistake occurred as to the place in which the ceremony was performed. It should have read in the Catholic church at Rosecrans instead of at the residence of the bride's parents. The announcement was received at this office giving the date and place as they appeared in the News and we supposed it to be accurate.

There are swindlers and swindlers. Every little while a new one turns up and is "roasted" by the newspapers. The one now being raked over the coals is a sewing machine repairer who is traveling from hamlet to hamlet in pursuit of business. The fellow goes into a house and asks to see the sewing machine. As he seems bent on having a visit with the machine his request is usually granted. He examines the different parts to ascertain whether or not the machinery is all right. If the machine is in perfect working order it does not matter as by a smooth sleight of hand performance he drops a piece of clock spring into it, which of course prevents its working. He then offers to fix it for 50 cents and in many cases gets the money.

ROSECRANS.

R. G. Murrie made a short visit in Millburn last Sunday.

D. G. Nellis and family of West McHenry, visited relatives here last Saturday.

Mrs. C. Ames, of Warren visited her sister Mrs. Helen Ames last Sunday.

A social dance was given at Russell last week and another is reported for Feb. 27.

E. J. Faulkner bought a team in Chicago last week.

The ladies of the church society are arranging for an oyster supper in the near future.

A series of special revival meetings are in progress at the Newport and Benton church, being conducted by Rev. M. W. Buck, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cooley of Chicago. All are invited to attend.

Special Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given the legal voters of the village of Antioch that a special election will be held on Wednesday Feb. 25, 1891 for the purpose of voting on the question of incorporating the village of Antioch under the state law. The polls will be open on that day from 8 A. M. until 7 P. M.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Ben Stone of Antioch was in town Sunday.

Messrs Campbell and Newberry of Burlington were seen on our streets Friday.

Mrs. C. W. Voak has been confined to her house for the past few days with a severe cold.

Louie Scherf was in Chicago the latter part of the week laying in a large supply of new furniture.

Mr. Piazza will deliver a lecture on the holy land to-morrow evening in the M. E. Church.

C. W. Blank has gone to his home in Whitewater, Wis., his health being very poor.

Dick Wilbur returned to Kenosha the 7th after spending a couple of weeks with his parents in this village.

The I. O. G. T's. of this place are preparing a play to be presented to the public in the near future entitled "The Sparkling Cup."

Mr. and Mrs. James Owen have returned from their extended wedding tour and have gone to house-keeping in Mrs. Hoyzerud's house.

Mrs. Pacy, mother of A. G. Pacey ended her earthly career on Friday morning at the ripe old age of seventy six years. Her funeral on Sunday was very largely attended.

GUESS WHO.

WADSWORTH.

The Board of trade has closed its doors and stepped down and out.

John Schlosser has established a barber shop and lunch room. Walk in ye hungry and try his generous fare.

The other day while sitting before a well heated stove on which a tea-kettle and coffee pot were boiling, little Benny Hogan aged three years was treated to a genuine surprise. The stove without having previously signified its intention to do so tipped over with a crash, throwing the tea-kettle to right and the coffee pot to the left of the child. Amid the shrieks from the frightened parents the child, unhurt, coolly said "Pa got me out of this."

Chicago "vets" recently visited Lux Bro's barn, used of late as a store-room for unseasonable goods and summer wearing apparel, and scattered things generally. A coat was taken which was found to be too clerical and they tried to trade it off for one more suitable. The same night the pests made a raid with fire on James Pollock's safe, but after many unsuccessful efforts were compelled to give up, as the safe withstood their attempts to open it. They escaped without being captured and will probably soon operate in some other town. Mr. Pollock found it necessary to send his safe to Chicago for repairs.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH. SOUTH.
No. 1, 12:45 a. m. No. 2, 4:52 a. m.
No. 3, 10:30 p. m. No. 4, 8:03 a. m.
No. 5, 6:14 p. m. No. 6, 11:53 a. m.
No. 7, 10:25 a. m. No. 8, 6:50 p. m.
No. 9, 7:20 p. m. No. 10, 7:20 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor every night.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAFER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

John McGinty has built his ice house and filled it with a first quality of crystallized water.

Mr. Ralph Benedict of Bristol paid D. C. Stewart a visit last Sunday and found the roads horrible.

There was a hefty delegation from Trevor to Burlington to attend a dance last Friday night. They did not arrive home until noon the next day.

Last week Mr. Geo. H. Booth went to Dakota to look after sheep, for his ranch. He has fed and disposed of a number of different bands of sheep this winter.

Mr. J. Z. Nyhart of Twin Bridges Montana unloaded one car of horses at Trevor last week Wednesday. They were intended for the eastern market and on Friday morning last week, Messrs Roe and Goetschins of the same place, unloaded for the purpose of feed and rest, one car of horses for the Pennsylvania market to be shipped via Chicago. Trevor is getting to be quite a feeding point.

INCORPORATION AS ONE MAN SEES IT.

Richmond, Ill., Feb. 8, '91.

Dear Sir,

Your postal, asking certain questions as to village incorporation is at hand, but the space there allowed is insufficient to properly answer them; and since the affair is one of real importance to you, if the citizens of your village think of incorporating under the State law I will answer more in extenso than would be possible on the card.

(1) As to satisfaction of our people with the present status, we are like other communities apt to run in the old ruts. We become satisfied with that to which we have become accustomed, or indifferent to it, unless it particularly interferes with our own interests or pleasure. We have been incorporated a good many years and therefore, I presume that a majority of our citizens would answer yes to your first question. And yet for the first few years denunciations loud and deep were indulged in by good men, and an effort was made to have a bill offered in the State Legislature giving villagers the power to unincorporate. At that time a large majority would have voted "no."

(2) It would be a close vote I think.
(3) They have been made higher by a special assessment and can be, at the will of the Board. How it figures.
(4) Yes, such as the building of sidewalks, repair of streets, abating of nuisances &c.
(5) It probably is.
(6) If anything yes, all things considered.
(7) No sir!

The fact is the success and advantages of incorporation depend greatly on the character of the Board. If you could always have on it level headed men instead of blockheads or fanatics all would be well. But the first mentioned timber is never plentiful in a little village community, and many a year the people will find after election that they have burnt their own fingers. Our village was once put to several hundred dollars expense to hire a spy to come here to detect secret liquor selling and did not make a single case. The Board has

the power of grave and not easily limited abuses and you will be sure to get fool boards occasionally, as we have, who will make you "tired."

Incorporation leads to cliques among citizens and is inimical to social comity. A village is well enough as an integral part of the township—let "well enough" alone.

If there be anything illegal in its act of incorporation it may lead to grave complications and much trouble afterward. It is held by good authority that our act of incorporation is illegal, from the fact that the territory incorporated did not have the legal number of inhabitants. If that be so every act of its Board is illegal and could be ripped to pieces in a court of law.

One argument against incorporation is that there is no way of getting out of the scrape if you once get in. One of the best lawyers in Chicago told me that neither the Statute, at that time, nor the session laws since its revision provided for unincorporating a village or city. So it is well for a community to look before they leap.

Yours Truly,

S. F. BENNETT.

(2) Would the people of your village be willing to throw aside the village Incorporation papers?
(3) Are taxes higher or lower than they were prior to incorporation?
(4) Are there any advantages to be derived from incorporation?
(5) Is the liquor dealer more easily controlled?
(6) Do you consider Incorporation of a village detrimental to it?
(7) Were your village not Incorporated would you vote to Incorporate?

INCORPORATION.

Mr. Editor,

Can you allow space for a few facts worth knowing before election? First does incorporation effect the school law, school taxes, or the Trustees, Treasurer, or Directors? No. Do the boundary lines of a corporate village either before or after incorporation have to be surveyed? No. Then how is the boundary line designated? It was designated by Wilton's Plat and Petition presented with thirty legal voters to the County Judge and accepted by the Judge, and ordered recorded in the County Court of Lake County. What will it cost the tax payers for Plat, Petition, Record and notices? Not one cent, and for this and other reasons, Uncle Tom cheerfully asks every legal voter inside the limits of incorporation to go to the Polls and vote next Wednesday. If we incorporate will taxes be higher or lower? The taxes will be lower. I don't see how it can make taxes any lower, and at the same time gravel streets and build sidewalks. It will be done in this way: The Statute of the State of Illinois empowers the Trustees to tax saloons, card tables, billiards, bagatelle, pigeon hole, pin alleys, ball alleys, hawkers, peddlers, theatres, and to grant permits to druggists to sell liquor, and tax them for the same, to tax dogs, also to stop dog fights, cock pits, fighting, quarreling, and all other disorderly acts and make the offenders pay a fine. All licenses, fines and dog tax shall be paid to the Village Treasury for the benefit of the village. The Trustees can erect engine houses, buy engine, hose carts, hooks and ladders for the prevention of fires, encourage volunteer fire companies, put in water tanks, appoint a Treasurer, and pass all ordinances and rules and make all regulations proper or necessary to carry into effect the powers granted to cities or villages, with such fines or penalties as the city council or board of trustees shall deem proper, provided no fine or penalty shall exceed \$200 and no imprisonment shall exceed six months for one offense. For the truth of the above I refer you to the Statute of the State of Illinois, concerning cities, villages and towns.

See sections 41, 44, 46, 59, 64 and 90. Now in certain taxes the Statute governs and in others it does not. The tax on small plays and amusements is discretionary with the Trustees. Should there be no licenses whatsoever the Trustees can raise each year hundreds of dollars from other taxable sources. To make it clear that the property owner need not bear the burden of taxes alone I would say that we have perhaps 100 able bodied voters who are sound in mind and under the age of 50 years, within what would be the corporate limits, now what would be a fair poll tax per capita? Say three dollars. This would figure three hundred dollars which together with the licenses, other taxes and fines would according to law be used for village improvement purposes. UNCLE TOM.

Notice of Purchase at Tax Sale.

To all concerned take notice that at a sale of lands and town lots for the taxes, interest and costs for the year A. D. 1888 held at the Court House in Waukegan, Lake Co. Ill. on the third day of June A. D. 1889 I purchased lots 2, 3 and 4 in Fri. Sec. 15, Township 46 North, Range 9 East, taxed in the name of Lewis Hatch, and the time for redemption from said sale will expire on the third day of June A. D. 1891.

F. W. Hatch, purchaser.

Auction.

On Feb. 21, at 1 o'clock P. M. I will sell on the premises which is known as the Christopher Wilson Farm. Located one mile north of Disciple Church known as the Ft. Hill Church, in the town of Avon and Grant, Lake County, Ill.

DESCRIPTION.

North half of Lot 1 and 2 of the S. W. quarter of section 19, Township 45, N. of Range 10, E. of 3rd principal Meridian and E. ½ of N. E. quarter and the N. E. quarter of the S. E. quarter of section 24, Township 45, N. of Range 9, all in Lake County, Ill. containing about 190 acres.

TERMS OF SALE:—Half cash balance on time at 6 per cent interest.

DIGHTON GRANGER, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

I desire to say to the people of Antioch and vicinity that I have purchased a stock of wagon and carriage makers material and will in a few days locate a shop in your village and be prepared to do all kinds of work in this line with promptness and efficiency. I will make a specialty of repairing farming implements generally, and with your co-operation will promise to establish a business among you that will be a credit to the place. When I am settled call and see me and you will be treated with courtesy and fairness. Yours for business, GEO. W. BELL.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that two certain notes of hand given by Charles Gauger of Wilmot, Wis., one note of \$800 dated November 12th 1890, and payable one year after date to Mrs. Emma Falbrick, also one note of \$100, dated October 4th given by Charles Gauger, and payable to Mrs. Emma Falbrick four months after date thereof, were stolen December 24th, 1890 at, or near, Racine, Wis. All persons are hereby warned not to cash said notes as the maker has given new notes to replace the ones stolen.

Mrs. Emma Falbrick.

Dated at Antioch this 13th day of February, 1890.

FOR SALE.

A store 24 x 70 feet in Salem, Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete, will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. \$1,000 cash, balance on time.

Also fine building lots for \$75.00 and up, in Hancock's Addition to Antioch.

CHINN & BURKE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Pools of blood were found on the floor of the dining-room of the residence of the Rev. Dr. Sunderland at Washington, and no one of the family had been hurt but the police are not clear of the mystery.

The gumbat Concord has been accepted by the government, and is being fitted out at New York.

At Austin, Texas, Sam Alexander was fined \$250 for mailing lottery tickets.

From present indications navigation on the Mississippi will open unprecedentedly early this year.

Capitalists from Chicago, Pittsburg and Wales have located a tin-plate mill at Joliet, Ill., to cost \$500,000.

Business failures for last week numbered 279, compared with 294 the previous week, and 302 the corresponding week of 1890.

At the Passavant hospital in Milwaukee Mrs. Hedwig Wendland died from the effects of the Koch lymph treatment.

John H. McCabe, an actor and stage manager, who went to California in 1849, died at San Francisco.

It is reported that the Thomson-Houston and Westinghouse companies are to be united under one management.

The sum of \$4,000 stolen from the Ogden, Utah, postoffice by a clerk was recovered at Arkansas City, Kan., through the thief's confession.

W. J. Sullivan, a wealthy stockman living at Hawkeye, Iowa, fell from the top of a Milwaukee train while crossing the river at Ottumwa and broke his neck.

The Executive Committee for the Grand Army of the Republic Department meeting in Decatur in April has secured one fare for the round trip on all roads in Illinois.

Neel & Strong of Kansas City have filed suit against the Master Plumbers' Association, claiming \$50,000 damages because the association expelled them from membership.

The three big gymnasium stucco mills in Fort Dodge, Iowa, have joined the syndicate now being organized to control the stucco business of the country.

A boiler explosion in Ouseley's flour mill occurred at Windsor, Mo., Hugh L. Smith and Thomas Tibberty, boiler-makers of Sedalia were killed.

At a Mansfield (Ohio) hotel Joseph Reareck, owner of a store at Tiro, Ohio, went to his room under the influence of liquor, blew out the gas, and was found dead next day.

Senator Stockbridge has introduced a bill in the United States Senate to incorporate the National Guarantee Loan and Development Company of the United States, which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

Resolutions have been passed by the Newfoundland Legislature protesting against the action of the British government in not permitting negotiations for reciprocity with the United States to be carried on.

E. M. McGillion, of Cleveland, Ohio, has sued the H. B. Claffin Company of New York, for \$364,000, which amount he claims to have lost by putting it into the latter trust at the solicitation of the Claffins.

The honorary pall bearers at the funeral of Admiral Porter on Tuesday were: Vice-President Morton, Gen. Schofield, Senators Manderson and Hawley, Representative Boutwell, Rear Admirals Rogers, Almy, Howells, Crosby and Stevens, and Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania.

Henry Bikel, the young fellow who worked himself into the good graces of Mary Barger at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and skipped out a few days ago with her pocketbook containing \$50 in money and a \$500 check has been captured and returned to that city.

It is believed that Mrs. Millie Gaffner, wife of Dr. T. Gaffner, a prominent physician of Trenton, Ill., who disappeared last Sunday from St. John's hospital, St. Louis, where she had been sent for medical treatment, has committed suicide.

A letter has been found in the room she occupied leading to that conclusion.

Ex-Gov. Alonzo B. Cornell of New York admits that he obtained money on commercial paper which he knew to be worthless.

The Seney art collection was sold recently at New York, many of the pictures being taken for European purchasers.

Secretary Blaine denies having written to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he would negotiate for reciprocity only with the liberal party in Canada.

George E. Smith, a well-to-do merchant of Oceola, Mich., committed suicide by taking morphine.

It is reported that Jay Gould, who is making a Southern tour, was taken suddenly ill at St. Augustine, Fla., and started for New York.

The Tennessee river is very high and still rising. The levee at London was carried away, causing a loss of \$40,000.

The Rev. J. E. June of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted a call to the First Universalist church at Decatur, Mich.

An epidemic of scarlet fever prevails in Galena, Ill., but is said to be on the wane. No deaths have been reported.

The Good Templars of Platt, Mason, Moutrie, Edgar, Douglas, Champlain, and Vermillion counties held their district convention at Mansfield, Ill.

The steamer Batouan from Catana Island reports finding wreckage of the sloop Fawn, which left San Pedro for Catana last Sunday. The occupants of the sloop, Andrew Rule and Alexander Urubart, merchants of San Pedro, were undoubtedly drowned.

A single man held up the assistant cashier and a clerk of the Citizens Bank of Minneapolis, Minn., the other morning and swept the cash into a bag, but he was captured as he was leaving the building.

Contracts for the Ashland breakwater and the stone to be at Chequamegon Point have been let. Hugh Steele of Duluth, the former at \$125,000 and the latter at \$26,25 per foot.

Two entire families at St. Louis are at the point of death on account of poison contained in some headache powder. The victims are Lawrence Krueger, a butcher, his daughter Mary, aged 8, and Mrs. Kate Obell, her son John, and her daughter.

Mr. Henry Watterson writes from Louisville that the letter recently published, purporting to be from him to Gov. Hill, of New York, is genuine.

The United States steel cruiser Baltimore has sailed from Toulon, France, for Chile.

In the House of Commons the bill to permit a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister passed its second reading by a vote of 202 to 155.

Since King Humbert's acceptance of Sig. Cristof's resignation of the premiership and his retirement from public life the latter has decided to resume the practice of law.

A bank vault at Shepardsville, Ky., was blown open by burglars. They got \$100 but overlooked \$30,000.

The first triennial meeting of the Woman's National Council of the United States will open in Allaughs's opera house, Washington, Sunday, Feb. 22, and will continue through the 23d, 24th, and 25th of February.

The Tri-State Can company's factory at Keokuk, Iowa, burned, causing a loss of \$15,000; insured for \$60,000.

The J. H. Farley Cracker Manufacturing company, of Dubuque, Iowa, has been transferred to the American Bleiscut company.

Two masked men chloroformed Mrs. Lindgren, near Manchester, Iowa, and stole a large amount of school money kept in the house.

It is said that unheeded of gruelies are practiced on the Jews in Russia by the authorities, with the knowledge and consent of the Czar.

Assistant Secretary of State William F. Wharton and Miss Susan C. Lay were married at Washington.

Harry M. Fleming borrowed much money, married a handsome girl, and stole watches at Chelsea, Mass., while pretending to be the son of President Bliss of the Boston & Albany railroad.

The old mansion at Appomattox, Va., in which Lee surrendered to Grant, has been purchased by a Niagara Falls (N. Y.) company, and will be made a museum for war relics.

The Ormonde Club of London offers a purse of \$10,000 for a boxing match in ten rounds between Slavin and Sullivan, the meeting to take place in the club room next autumn.

The Nebraska House passed the Australian ballot bill without a single dissenting vote. Representative Gale of Brown county read a threatening letter from some of his constituents, saying that he ought to be hanged for failing to stick to the Alliance party.

It is reported that Governor Bird is organizing the militia to eject intruders from the Chickasaw Nation. The commander at Fort Reno, I. T., declares that it is untrue that "boomers" are about to enter the Cherokee strip.

In connection with the baccarat scandal in which Sir William Gordon Cumming has become involved it was reported that a few months ago the Baronet was engaged to marry Lady Vernon's cousin, Miss Garnier of New York.

Emperor William has conferred the decoration of the Order of the Red Eagle upon Herr Widenburch, the dramatist, in token of his pleasure in witnessing Widenburch's play, "Neue Herr."

Bishop Hare has decided to resign his charge of the Episcopal diocese of South Dakota. He has been offered and accepted the charge of the Japanese mission.

Prince Elmslie has written to the Countess Andrassy requesting the loan of such letters and documents from among her late husband's papers relating to Count Andrassy's public life as may be likely to prove of assistance to him in writing his own memoirs.

The contract has been let for the building of the first dam for the improvement and utilization of the big water power of the St. Louis river above Duluth, which changed hands three months ago.

The conservatives in Canada are opposing reciprocity with the United States because it would lead to annexation.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, member of Parliament for Athlone and son of the leader of the anti-Parnell faction of the Irish party, announces that he will not seek a re-election, as he is absorbed in literary pursuits.

The managers of the Ironton Iron, Steel, and Tin company of Duluth announce that the contract for the machinery for the company tin mill has been let and will be ready when the iron plant is completed the coming summer.

A vein of gold-bearing ore yielding \$10,000 to the ton has been found at Florissant, Col.

A joint resolution asking Congress to enact a law providing for government loans on farm lands has passed both Houses of the California Legislature.

Allen Shelton Alger, the 8-year-old son of Gen. Alger, died at Detroit, Mich.

The coldest blizzard in two years is reported in Texas. Flocks and herds were scattered. At Chattanooga, Tenn., over two inches of snow fell, and high water in the Tennessee river is expected.

A petition for assistance in the way of grain and provisions has been received at St. Louis from farmers of Kansas and Nebraska, living in the region of Republican City, Neb.

Jacob Newby McCullough, vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad, died at Pittsburg, leaving an estate worth \$14,000,000.

Baron Hirsch of Paris has created a trust fund of \$1,400,000 to aid immigration of Jews to America, naming a board of trustees of prominent Hebrews in this country who shall have charge of the fund.

Helena, Ala., was swept by a cyclone, several buildings being wrecked. Three persons were wounded.

In court at St. Louis Marshall F. McDonald, attorney for Vail, who is charged with murdering his wife to secure insurance money, confessed that he had secured Vail's overcoat, and defied any power to compel him to give it up. The grand jury will investigate the matter. Bullet marks in the garment make it an important link in the prosecution's chain of evidence.

James O'Grady of Syracuse, N. Y., is dying in great agony because of a reptile which has found its way into his stomach.

Spelman's Darling Leap.

John Spelman, son of the Peoria, Mo., distiller, who was being brought from St. Paul to answer to the charge of robbing the mills, escaped from the custody of an officer on a Northwestern train by jumping through the car window while the train was making thirty miles an hour. He succeeded in making his escape.

Col. Forsythe Completely Exonerated by the Secretary of War.

Washington telegram: The President and Secretary Proctor have sustained Col. Forsythe's management of the Wounded Knee engagement, contrary to the advice of Gen. Miles.

The absence of any and all congratulatory tributes to Gen. Miles in the Secretary's report or decision is said by army people to be significant. It is evident that the Department is far from satisfied with the results of the Sioux campaign.

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ADMIRAL PORTER DEAD.

THE HEAD OF OUR NAVY DIES SUDDENLY AT WASHINGTON.

His Death Was Unexpected. Though He Had Been Ailing for Over a Year—His Career.

Washington telegram: Admiral Porter of the United States navy died at his residence here yesterday. His death was unexpected, for although he had been an invalid for a year or more he had been reported as better of late, and there were no previous signs of the sudden termination of his life. His disease was an affection of the heart.

Admiral Porter's services during the late war were of a distinguished character. He had been unable to attend generally to his official duties during the last two or three years, and his death was almost daily expected. Some months ago, however, a marked improvement in his condition was reported, and since that time there had been no warning of the end, which came unexpectedly.

So unexpected was his death that the members of his family who were in the city and even some members of the family in an adjoining room were not present at his bedside until after he had breathed his last. There had been no indications of late of immediate trouble. At 8 o'clock the nurse observed some unfamiliar symptoms and two of his sons who were in the house were summoned and a physician sent for. Within fifteen minutes he was dead, his two sons and nurse being the only ones at his bedside. Even they did not realize the extent of his trouble until he had ceased to breathe.

Physicians who arrived shortly after his death made every effort to resuscitate him, but it soon became evident that the spark of life was absolutely extinct.

The President officially announced the death of Admiral Porter in the following message to Congress:

"TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: The admiral of the navy, David Dixon Porter, died at his residence in the city of Washington this morning at 8 o'clock in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He entered the naval service as a midshipman Feb. 2, 1829, and had been since continuously in service, having been made admiral Aug. 15, 1870. He was the son of Commodore David Porter, one of the greatest of our naval commanders. His service during the civil war was conspicuously brilliant and successful, and his death ends a very high and honorable career. His countrymen will sincerely mourn his loss, and his memory will be gratefully held in remembrance of his deeds. To officers of the navy his life will continue to yield inspiration and encouragement."

The President also directed that the national flag be displayed at half mast upon all public buildings throughout the United States until after the funeral, and that public business in the departments at Washington be suspended on the day of the funeral.

KILLED HELPLESS INDIANS.

The Redskins' Version of the Wounded Knee Battle.

The Sioux Indian conference was concluded and the Indians started for home, going by the way of Philadelphia and Canada. The nature of the meeting was the story of the flight of Wounded Knee, which was told by Turning Hawk and American Horse. Turning Hawk said: "When our people, who had been frightened away, were returning to Pine Ridge, and when they had almost reached the agency, they were met by the soldiers and surrounded and finally taken to the Wounded Knee Creek and there at a given time their guns were demanded, and when they had delivered them up the men were separated from their families, from their wives and taken to a certain spot, their guns having been given up. When the guns were thus taken and the men thus separated, there was a crazy man, a young man of very bad influence, and in fact a nobody among that bunch of Indians fired his gun, and of course the firing of a gun must have been the breaking of a military rule of some kind, because immediately the soldiers returned the fire, and the indiscriminate killing followed."

INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Mighty Men from South Dakota Call on the President.

The Indian chiefs who now are in Washington city called at the White House in a body and paid their respects to the President. They were accompanied by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and several interpreters. The reception took place in the East Room at the close of the regular tri-weekly reception to the public.

The Indians ranged themselves in a circle and listened attentively to a short address by the President.

He pointed out the folly of their going to war with the whites, and made it plain that if they made any more trouble they would be punished. He told them they must teach their young men not to be warriors but citizens, and endeavor to earn their own living by some peaceful industry. The government, he said, would protect every Indian who was disposed to be peaceful and industrious. The Indians shook hands with the President and withdrew.

ENGINE MEN CRUSHED.

Four Railway Men Killed in a Collision at Elmira.

The Lackawanna train leaving Buffalo at 7:20 o'clock at night, at Elmira, N. Y., collided here with a wild engine. The passengers all received a severe shaking up. The engineer of the express train, James Powers, was badly crushed and removed from the track in dying condition. His fireman, name unknown, was fatally injured. James Powers, nephew of the engineer, who was employed on the wild engine, was badly injured internally and died within half an hour. The fireman of the wild engine, Albert Englehart, was also killed. The engineer was badly hurt, but will probably recover.

Cheered Off His Conductor's Nose.

At Dubuque, Iowa, Conductor John Corcoran of the Milwaukee road had a fight with his brakeman, John Mahany, a few days ago in a saloon. Corcoran's nose was nearly bitten off in the melee. Blood-poisoning set in and Corcoran's head is swollen fearfully. All the lines of his face are obliterated and he is a frightful object to look at. He will probably die. The bystanders had to pry open Mahoney's mouth with a stick to loosen his hand.

Big Blaze at Albany.

Perry's large stove factory was destroyed by fire and is a complete loss.

CLEVELAND AND FREE COINAGE

The Ex-President Pronounces It a Dangerous Experiment.

Between 600 and 700 people attended the meeting at Cooper Union, New York City, to oppose the Silver bill, in a response to a call of the Reform Club. E. Ellery Anderson presided, and among letters of regret that were read was this, under date of Feb. 10, from ex-President Cleveland.

My Dear Sir: I have received your note inviting me to attend a meeting called for the purpose of voicing the opposition of the business men of our city to the free coinage of silver in the United States. I shall not be able to attend and address the meeting as you request, but I am glad that the business interests of New York are at least to be heard on the subject. It surely cannot be necessary for me to make a formal expression of my agreement with those who believe that the greatest evils would be inflicted by the adoption of the scheme embraced in the measure now at issue in Congress for an unlimited coinage of silver at our mints. If we have developed an unexpected capacity for the assimilation of a largely increased volume of the currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, these conditions fall far short of insuring us against disaster if in the present situation we enter upon the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Resolutions condemning unlimited coinage were passed. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild was the chief speaker in opposition to the pending Silver bill.

WRECK ON THE WABASH ROAD.

Two Men Killed and Half a Dozen Injured Near St. Louis.

There was a collision on the Wabash railroad near Ingleside, just west of the city limits, of St. Louis, Mo., this morning between two freight trains in which two persons were killed and several wounded. The killed are: WILLIAM BUSCH, brakeman on the Wabash.

JOHN KEEFE, head brakeman on the St. Louis Kansas City & Northern.

The wounded are: D. BRODERICK, conductor on the Wabash railroad, leg broken.

JOHN CONLEY, fireman on the Wabash road, back injured.

B. D. HILL, brakeman on the Wabash road, scratched and bruised.

GES H. ELDER, engineer on the Wabash train, bruised and cut hand cut.

ELIAS POLY, boy of 10 years, cut and bruised, but not seriously.

HERMAN ORSKEMER, also a boy of 16, bruised on back and left foot.

The engines and eight or ten cars were completely wrecked.

PLAYING POKER.

Serious Charges Against the House Committee on Accounts.

In Washington some severe criticisms are being made against members of the House committee on accounts. It is charged that they daily go into their committee-room, lock the door and spend the hours behind "hot-tail flumes" and other combinations to the exclusion of those who have business to transact before them.

Witnesses before the various investigating committees who come from a distance cannot have their allowances approved or get their pay without the scrutiny of this committee, and they are nearly always unable to get in at the door, although through a side window the members of the committee can be seen sitting quietly about the tables.

Complaint has been made to the speaker, who promises to break up the game and compel the festive gamblers to seek less public quarters.

MURDERED AND MUTILATED.

Another White Chapel Woman Killed by Jack the Ripper.

A policeman on duty in White Chapel, London, found the dead body of a young woman with her throat cut from ear to ear. The police refuse to give details, but it is rumored that the woman's body was mutilated after the same manner as the victims of Jack the Ripper murderer. Indeed this murder is already put down to him. The murdered woman was one well known in the dissolute class.

Handy with Their Revolvers.

From a letter from Postmaster Scott at Shawanetown, (a town Terr.) and reports brought by other parties it would seem that a veritable reign of terror exists in that vicinity. The trouble arose over the killing of a negro in the latter store, in consequence of threats made by the negro against Scott's life. Everybody gets armed and nobody stirs out of the house after dark. Mr. Scott says he fears an attack from one Bob Carahan and his Texas friends. "You may expect more hot work from here."

The country is full of desperadoes and they are all on the shoot.

Fatal Row in a Gambling House.

From Butte, Montana: A desperate affray in a saloon this morning resulted in the shooting of three gamblers named Loran, Boyer, and Sheerin. Loran played heavily at the game of which Sheerin was dealer, and early this morning asked the dealer for a \$20 loan. Being refused Loran began firing, and both he and Sheerin emptied their revolvers. A bystander named Boyer was fatally injured, and the two principals were seriously wounded. Sheerin will probably die. There were 100 men in the room at the time.

Partners Forming a Trust.

At Astoria, Minnesota, arrangements are being made here whereby a sub-trust of the Farmers' National Trust will be organized. This is one of the most gigantic schemes that was ever agitated. The farming fraternity of the whole Northwest, consisting of 60,000 men, proposes to form this trust and make their own market. Men of shrewd and broad intellect are at the head of this combative scheme, and before the seed ripens for 1891 the farmer will know what he is doing.

Much Trouble Over a Car of Beer.

A Fort Dodge, Ia., special says the Law and Order League of Boone seized a carload of beer shipped to the Coon Bottling works from the United States Brewing company of Chicago. The seizure was made while the car was sidetracked on the Northwestern. The railroad company proved that the beer was intended for the Finkelshein Bottling Works at Omaha and that the car had stopped at Boone to unload five barrels of unfarmers' malt. The confiscated beer was accordingly turned over to the railway company again.

GENERAL SHERMAN DEAD

THE UNEQUAL WAR ENDED AT LAST.

After a Heroic Struggle He Yields Up the Spark of Life to the Fell Destroyer.

New York telegram: Gen. William T. Sherman has breathed his last. The time of his demise was 1:50 o'clock Saturday, New York time.



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

So extraordinary have been the variations during the last few days when he could have said with absolute certainty, so far as any human judgment can be certain, that Gen. Sherman would not live five minutes. From midnight Friday on he began to fall again as he had fallen several times before. He grew weaker every hour. His glands swelled. His throat filled with mucus. The erysipelas left him, but it did not depart without impressing an indelible imprint in a complete prostration of its victim.

He passed quietly away.

He will be buried in St. Louis, Mo.

OVER FORTY LIVES LOST.

Caused by a Terrible Boiler Explosion at Quebec.

A Quebec, Can., special says: At 9:15 a.m. yesterday in the Quebec Western company's factory at Hare point the boiler exploded completely demolishing the engine house and about half of the factory. A large number of hands were buried in the ruins.

The factory of the worsted company is a complete wreck, and gangs of men are at work taking out the dead and dying. Up to thirty bodies have been recovered, and the work of rescue was kept steadily on. Among those taken out dead was Engineer Thomas Sayles and Fireman John Doyle.

The cause of the explosion is unknown, but it is supposed that the feed-pipe of the boiler was frozen. About 100 operatives were employed in the factory. They were mostly French-Canadian girls, many of whom were among the killed and wounded.

It is estimated that the fatalities will reach in number between forty and fifty. The spectacle of the wreck a short time after the explosion occurred was thrilling and heart-rending. Thousands were attracted to the scene by the noise of the concussion, and the police had difficulty in containing with the multitude, keeping them back in their places so as to allow ingress and egress to the corps of rescuers and give the latter force opportunity to carry on their work.

From amid the debris in many places could be heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the agonized appeals for help from those pinned beneath portions of the falling building. As rapidly as possible these were reached by the men at work and relieved from their peril—some to die in a few moments in their way to the improvised hospitals in the neighborhood, but others with injuries were not of a fatal nature. Priests were on the spot administering the last rites to the dying; and, in all, the scene was the most harrowing ever witnessed in this community.

Battery B has been ordered out to assist the police in keeping order. The works had been closed down for three weeks, but notice was given that they would reopen this morning and about 800 operatives assembled ready for work. For some reason, not explained, but probably on account of the boiler feed being out of order, they were dismissed, but many remained lounging about the works, and were there when the explosion occurred. Had they been working at the time hundreds would have perished.

CRAZY OVER THE FAITH CURE.

The Town of Mount Pleasant, Ill., in the Throes of a Revival.

According to a telegram there is great excitement at Mount Pleasant over the faith cure craze, and it has spread into churches and schools and children are overcome with trances and break out singing faith cure hymns during school hours.

The Rev. Anker, the faith cure evangelist, claims he has had a revelation from God that parties were seeking his life, and he has purchased three revolvers to protect himself. He threatens to call to his assistance a crowd of men who he says will burn the town. The people threaten to egg him out of town. Seventeen persons were in a trance at one time. A public meeting of the citizens will be held to take steps to stop this excitement and quiet matters down.

Rebustionists Defeated.

Blair, N. D., telegram: A majority of the Temperance committee of the House has reported in favor of indefinitely postponing the Rebutson bill. A long and bitter fight ensued. A motion to adopt the majority report was finally carried by a vote of 31 to 25, seven members being absent.

FOUND DYNAMITE FUSE.

A Discharged Employee Wanted to Blow Up the Leeds Gas Works.

A large quantity of dynamite was discovered in the gas works at Leeds, England. A fuse was attached, but it had not been fired. There was enough dynamite to destroy the entire works, and there would have been a frightful loss of life, as the men have been working night and day recently. A discharged employee is supposed to be the planner of the intended outrage.

A COTTON PICKER.

SUCCESS OF A COTTON PICKING MACHINE COMPANY.

Waco, Texas, Secures a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Machinery Plant—Her Citizens Jubilant.

FOR THE LADIES.

ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Little Poetry—Hints for the Household —Small Economies—Pungent Points and Short Items.

They stood beside the open grate
(For summer substitute a gate)
She was a blonde (if you prefer)
Why, make a brunette out of her)
He spoke of love (they all do that)
And she? Her heart went pit-a-pat
The speed, why you yourself can fix
From seventy up to ninety-six
She hung her head, she blushed, she sighed,
She laughed; or possibly she cried.
Just take your choice and have her do
Precisely as you wish her to.
She did sit there until
Her George, or Jack or Jim or Will
Or any name you like the best.
But why go on? You know the rest.
—Tom Mason, in Yankee Blade.

TO HOUSEWIVES.
Good housewives all who daily war
Against King Dirt and General Mias
Should always be in dust—in dust—
Should always be industrious.

And we, though tilling busily
Through sunny or through gloomy hours,
Should not neglect our men—our men—
Should not neglect our mental powers.
We should not use the goods of earth
As mere utilitarian dross;
But we should con—should con—should
con—
Should con-temple earth's beauties, too.

If we have toiled beyond our strength,
And stolen hours from sleep away,
We should make rest—make rest—make
rest—
Make rest-itution while we may.

Now housewife, pray take this advice,
Its wisdom you'll perceive at length,
Don't be a fool—a fool—a fool—
A foolish waster of your strength.

"Tis hard to live without the pale
Of true success, and toil away;
You should get in—get in—get in—
Get in-erest on what you pay.

Now, blessings be on housewives all
Whose steps in duty's path are bent,
And may they tread beneath the ban—
The ban—the ban of contentment.
—Texas Farm and Ranch.

Points From "Good Housekeeping."
For faded green blinds, rub on a lit-
tle linseed oil.
Put bits of camphor gum in trunks
or drawers to prevent the mice from
doing any injury.

To freshen leather chair seats,
valises, bags, etc., rub them with the
well-beaten white of an egg.
To prevent tin pans from rusting,
rub fresh lard on them, and set in a
hot oven until thoroughly heated.

Soak clothes, that fade, over night
in water in which has been dissolved
one ounce of sugar of lead to a pail-
ful of rain water.

When washing fine white flannels,
add a teaspoonful of pulverized borax
to a pailful of water. This will keep
them soft and white.

To banish red ants from the pan-
tries, strew whole cloves around the
shelves. The same is also considered
a good moth exterminator.

To keep flat-irons clean and smooth,
rub them with a piece of wax done up
in a cloth, then scour or rub them on
a paper strown with coarse salt.

Oil of turpentine, or benzine, will
remove spots of paint or varnish from
cotton or woolen goods. They should
be washed in soap-suds after the ap-
plication.

If paint has been splattered on win-
dow panes, wet the spots with water
and rub thoroughly with a new silver
dollar; or they may be washed with
hot, sharp vinegar.

To set delicate colors in embroid-
ered handkerchiefs, soak them ten
minutes before washing in a pail of
water in which a dessertspoonful of
turpentine has been stirred.

When a stove is cracked, a cement
may be made of wood ashes and salt,
in equal proportions, mixed to a paste
with cold water. Fill the cracks with
this when the stove is cool, and it will
soon harden.

Steel pens are destroyed by the acid
in the ink. If an old nail or old
steel pen is put in the ink, the
acid therein will exhaust itself on
them, and pens in daily use will re-
main in good condition much longer.

When mattresses are stained, take
starch wet into a paste with cold
water. Spread this on the stains,
first putting the mattress in the sun.
In an hour or two rub this off and it
will clean, repeat the process.

To clean hair brushes, put a table-
spoonful of ammonia into tepid water,
dip them up and down until clean,
then dry with the bristles down. In
place of the ammonia, they may be
cleaned by using a teaspoonful of
soda.

A Sensible German Girl.
A party of men sat at a table in a
Broadway restaurant sipping a cognac
after luncheon. A girl of 17 or there-
abouts entered shyly and took her
seat at a table near by. The girl's
figure was slender, her lovely face
was softly tinted, her eyes were blue
and innocent. She drew her gloves
from her small white hands, and held
the bill of fare daintily before her.
She seemed searching for rose leaves
and honey dew.

"Two to one she orders lobster
salad," said one of the men, watching
the sweet maid.

"Done," responded another. "Salad
two courses for her. She'll have
cold consommé."

"Well, now, you just listen for her
to order an omelet," said a third. "I
never saw a girl out shopping in my
life that didn't run in at noon-time
and get an omelet soufflé. They are
so fluffy and sugary that they just hit
feminine taste."

"That girl will order a chocolate
collier and a cup of tea," said a fourth
man in the party.

In the meantime the waiter was
standing at the elbow of the dainty
fairy, expecting her order. She
studied the card long and carefully,
and then she pouted:

"I don't think you have what I
want."

"We have 'most everything," said
the waiter.

"Yes," responded the girl, "but I
came in here on purpose for one thing,
and I don't see it on the menu."

"What is it, miss?" asked the
waiter.

"Frankfurter sausages and sauer-
kraut," replied the maiden.

One of the men at the neighboring
table dropped his brandy glass, and
another coughed convulsively from
having swallowed some of the liquor
the wrong way. The young lady rose
from her chair, and inquired of the
waiter if he knew any place close by
where sausages and sauerkraut were
obtainable. She was told to seek
Sixth avenue, and, as she rustled
away, the men who had discussed her
appetite ordered additional brandies.
—New York Sun.

Small Economies.
A girl whose immaculate fresh
and admirably groomed appearance
attracted her women friends' attention,
took a roomful of the sex into her con-
fidence by explaining how she con-
trived to look so uniformly well-
dressed in spite of a limited income.

"It is simply the result of careful-
ness," she said; "the old ounce of
precaution worth so many pounds of
euro. Take my boots, for instance.
Instead of doubling them into a shoe-
bag, or letting the tops hang over
standing against the wall, I
never remove shoes, high or
low, without the precaution
of slipping in each one a hollow
wooden form just the size of my foot.
The uppers are neatly buttoned over
a leg shape, and there they are, until
again needed for service. This ap-
plies to all my walking gear—often
half a dozen pairs of boots at a time.
My gowns are treated, in the same
fashion, the waists hooked up over
sweet-scented pillows made for the
purpose, with tiny perfumed bolsters
for the sleeves, polished wooden racks
to support the skirts, and big muslin
bags to encase the whole. I never
permit a fine frock to be folded
or hung, under any circum-
stances. Immediately upon un-
planning hat or bonnet they
are placed on stand fitted into my
closet, where paper-muslin caps are
provided to protect them from dust
and the crush of heavy garments. In
a wide, shallow, flannel-lined drawer
I have as many as twenty wooden
models of my wrist and hand. Of
course this explains the freshness and
longevity of my gloves. No matter
how late I come from the opera or
a ball, my gants du Suede are put to bed
before I think of sleeping. Lucky
women who have maids are, of course,
independent of these small economies;
but we impetuous girls must study
such minute matters or consent to go
shabbily clothed."—Illustrated Ameri-
can.

The Demand for Stenographers.
The demand for good, careful and
accurate stenographers and type-
writers is increasing, not decreasing,
says the Ladies' Home Journal. A
girl needs to know how to spell and
punctuate a letter, besides being able
to correct one that is wrong gram-
matically. She must be possessed of
that rare and priceless qualification—
common sense. She must be observ-
ing, and she should have an average
amount of intelligence. No prodigy
is required.

As to wages, the average young
girl cannot expect to be paid as much
as the average man. It is hard to say
why this is so, for she is almost always
just as capable. A young woman, for
instance, will get ten or twelve dollars
a week, where a young man of the
same calibre will receive from fifteen
to twenty dollars. Perhaps there is
an indefinable feeling among employ-
ers that they can not exact so much
from a woman as they can from a
man. A man will often be required
to do a great deal of miscellaneous
work in connection with shorthand
and typewriting, which would never
be imposed on a woman.

But there can be no doubt that there
is still room for those who will take
the trouble to properly equip them-
selves for the work. The remunera-
tion is ample for the needs of the
average girl, and greatly in excess of
that paid for other kinds of clerical
work.

Nothing To Be Proud Of.
"She makes me very tired."
"Over what?"

"Her having got engaged. There
are 500,000 men in this city, and out of
them 499,999 don't bother themselves
at all about her. One does. I don't
see what there is to be proud of."

An Ambiguous Answer.
Not a bad example of an ambiguous
answer is reported by a Northern
tourist as coming from the pilot of a
steambomb on the Georgia coast, says
Rural Call. The tourist, who is a
Yankee and was a Union soldier, was
engaged in easy conversation with the
pilot in a moment of the latter's re-
laxation, and the pilot told him cer-
tain reminiscences of an interesting
character, without, however, directly
intimating that he had any personal
part in them. So the Yankee asked,
point blank:

"Which side were you on during
the war?"

The pilot gave him a glance, which
seemed to say, "You are too inquisi-
tive," and then answered:

"I was on the other side."

Then he changed the subject of
conversation. The Northern visitor
is still speculating as to which the
"other side" was; the other side from
the questioner's, the other side from
the side Georgia was on, the other
side of the ocean, or the other side of
the Canadian border.

Germany boasts the healthiest army
in Europe, Belgium is second best, and
England comes in third.

HOME AND THE FARM.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES AND HELP- FUL HINTS TO FARMERS.

**Suggestions to Breeders, Dairymen,
Fruit Growers, Poultry Raisers,
and the General Farmer—Various
Other Agricultural Information.**

A New White Variety of Poultry.
White has ever been a favorite
color for animals and birds. It is not
a wonder that white should be regard-
ed with great favor as a color for
fowls. As the emblem of innocence
and purity it makes a direct appeal to
our moral sentiments; as affording a
striking contrast between the plumage
and the color of the combs and wattles,
it is beautiful; and, what is of more
consequence to the more practical
poultry-man, it is the color that least
disfigures the fowl for market pur-
poses.

This fact was recognized in sudden
and great popularity which the White
Wyndotte and the White Plymouth
Rock secured. The demand for these
varieties was instantaneous upon their
introduction to notice, and long be-
fore they could secure recognition
from the American Poultry Association
they had won popularity among
American poultry breeders. The

White Plymouth Rock was a "sport"
from the Barred variety. Whether a
true or only a pseudo-sport need not
be determined, but it was probably
the latter, for white blood entered into
the composition of the Barred
variety, and the occasional white
specimens may have been due to re-
version to the almost forgotten white
ancestor. The Barred Plymouth Rock
had also produced another sport a
bird resembling it in color, but with a
pea comb and smaller wattles. In-
stead of the usual single comb and
well developed wattles. This "sport"
has become a standard variety, its
claims to recognition resting upon the
fact that it combines the excellent
qualities of its single combed pro-
genitors with the advantages that
come from a comb that is practically
frost proof, and which saves the
fowl from suffering in the winter, and
better fits the hen for production of
eggs during the cold months of the
year. By more than one breeder and
fancier it was recognized that if these
two sports from the Barred Plymouth
Rock could be united there would re-
sult a fowl, which, for practical qual-
ities, would be superior to either.
This union has been effected, and the
product is the Peacomb White
Plymouth Rock.

The Peacomb White Plymouth
Rock is purely of Plymouth Rock
blood and has been produced without
recourse to an alien cross. The vari-
ety has been bred for several years,
a large proportion of the chickens
coming white in plumage, and with
pea combs. There are single combed
chickens and rarely a barred bird;
but such are to be expected from a
fowl of so recent origin, produced in
the manner in which this variety has
been.

The Peacomb White Plymouth
Rock is an excellent layer, a good table
fowl, looks well alive, and dresses
handsomely. It has just about the
same qualities as other Plymouth
Rocks possess, with such advantages
as a white plumage and a pea comb
can bestow. Nearly every new variety
is heralded as "The Coming Fowl,"
but whether the Peacomb White
Plymouth Rock is deserving of this
title or not the public must determine.
It certainly is a handsome and a
thoroughly practical and useful
variety, and, as such, ought to de-
serve well of those who are seeking
"general purpose" fowls.

The Poultry Yard.
The possibility of profit in raising
turkeys lies in their ability to have a
free range.

Properly managed, there is very
little wasted in a turkey, as nearly or
quite all of it is marketable.

It is given as reason why so many
cookers are hatched in broodflocks, is
that too young roosters are used in
breeding.

Oats and wheat are a better feed
for laying hens than corn. Feed them
morning and noon and whole corn at
night.

Feeding meat scraps two or three
times a week will in many cases pre-
vent the hens from pulling feathers.

When poultry are first hatched they
should be fed every two or three hours,
but as they grow the number of times
they should be fed can be decreased.

There are few articles of farm pro-
duce in which there is more variation
than in a dozen eggs. There is a con-
siderable difference between the large
and the small.

If done regularly and thoroughly
once a week is sufficiently often to
clean out the poultry house. Too
much rubbing and sweeping is almost
as bad as too little.

The middle or latter part of winter
is often considered a good time to
market fowls as usually better prices
can be realized than earlier.

The Walking Gait of Horses.
If we must have horse racing at
the fairs let us have a walking race
occasionally. In this there might be
some good to the farming classes;
there is little or none in the trotting
race aside from the sport there may be
in it. Farmers are interested in the
breeding of fast walking horses, which
they need in their work. A horse
that can walk fast will do more work
in a day than a slow walker; it is
necessary to say that. A horse will ac-
complish a long journey quicker by
fast walking most of the distance than
he will by trotting some and walking
slowly the balance of the time. A
farmer doesn't need a span of trotters
to draw his mower or reaper, but he
does need a good, brisk walking team.
So on the plow and the harrow. The
most, in fact, all of the farm work is
done at a walking gait—not at the
trotting pace. Consequently those
who breed horses for the farm should
breed to the fast walking gait. The
horse that has a good walking gait
has in it the earnest of good speed in
the trotting pace. The fast walk is
the foundation of nearly all horse ex-
cellence.

Horse Scraps.
Be careful of the mares that are in
foal.

While other work is slack and the
weather unpleasant for work out
doors, time may be well spent in fix-
ing up the stables.

The farmer who owns the best
horses in his neighborhood has a dis-
tinction of which he can well be proud.
It is a recommendation in the eyes of
a stranger.

When you see a man who thinks he
knows all about horses and has noth-
ing more to learn, set him down as an
ignoramus. The best horsemen learn
something every day.

Whitewashed walls and stalls of the
stables are evidences of good taste and
management. They should be found
in every farmer's stable in the land.
Are they found in yours?

Keep your colts growing through
the winter and you will add much to
their value. Colts weaned recently
will improve if you can give them
milk to drink every day.

A nail in a horse's foot may be more
trouble and expense to you than the
time it would take to keep the barn
yard clear of boards, etc., all your
lifetime. Keep the stable yards as
clean as the house yards.

Make your stables as pleasant and
comfortable as you can for your
horses and you will never regret hav-
ing done so. Your horses will last
longer and be more serviceable for
having good quarters and good care.

One of the fundamental principles
of breeding is to breed for what you
want, is a statement of a distin-
guished writer. The hap-hazard plan
may hit occasionally, indeed, it may
once in a great while be a very dis-
tinguished success, but it will be at-
tended by a multitude of failures.

Tonics may be good enough for
sick horses, but good, wholesome food
is the best tonic you can give to a well
horse. Do not fool with medicines
unless it is absolutely necessary.
Drugs are a dangerous thing in the
hands of those who do not understand
when and how to administer them.

Western Dairy Notes.
St. Louis commission men consider
the hook the "foolish fastening" for
butter tubs.

Asphalt paper, which costs \$1.20
per 500 square feet, is considered
good in the construction of silos.

See that the outside as well as the
inside of your butter packages is
clean. Have them neat also.

For the year ending Oct. 1, 1890,
there were in Iowa 628 creameries
and ninety-six cheese factories.

There were 73,666,677 pounds of
butter shipped out of Iowa by rail-
road for the year ending Oct. 1, 1890.

Take good care of the cows, but do
not let your boy feel that you care for
or have more interest in them than in
him.

If we get a crop of ice are you
ready to harvest it? Ice is "perish-
able goods," and must be gathered
when ripe—or you may lose it.

Don't forget the growing calves
while crowding the cows for milk; see
that they have dry quarters, at least
reasonably warm, and a daily ration
of oats or wheat bran.

A successful dairyman need not be
scientific, but he must possess good
common sense, fair powers of obser-
vation, and be accurate and practical.
He may not be able to give a chemi-
cal analysis of the different foods
which he gives his cows, but he must
be able to tell which are the most
bulky, and also to tell which are the
best milk producers. He must know
how to feed something like a bal-
anced ration—that is, to give such
food as will furnish the requisite
amount of heat and fat producing
elements, combined with the neces-
sary amount of milk and muscle-
producing elements, but he must not
mistake quantity for quality.

The question of securing richer
milk by frequent milkings is bringing
out some weighty opinions. F. D.
Curtis holds that the milk that has
been in the udder the shortest time is
the best milk. He says more and bet-
ter milk can be got by milking cows
often, says three times a day. We
stimulate the flowing of the milk to-
wards the udder, rapid and strong
milking will also stimulate the secre-
tion. C. F. Hunt, of the Windsor
dairy company, says: "Of the 100
cows we average per day in milk, we
probably milk thirty of them three
times a day, the balance twice, but
if we think we have any that will pay
to milk four times, as in the case of
the cow Sobla, we do it, for the of-
ten a cow is milked the more but-
ter."

WISCONSIN NEWS.

—Myron M. Gage, of Montello, an old set-
tler, died.

—Harris & West's cheese factory at Elk-
horn burned.

—A strange disease is killing many horses
near Hartland.

—A foot of snow has fallen around Boyd,
Chippewa county.

—The Fort Howard Y. M. C. A. will
build on a fund of \$2,500.

—J. H. Kingsbury, ex-county judge, died
recently at Stevens Point.

—Petroleum beds said to be of value have
been discovered near Lancaster.

—Merrill's Good Templars are canvass-
ing for funds to build a new hall.

—An infant child of Dr. Monroe, of Mer-
rill, fell off a table and broke its neck.

—Over 25,000 tons of ice have been taken
from Spring Lake, Palmyra, this winter.

—John Gifford, of Beloit, father of Con-
gressman Gifford, of South Dakota, is dead.

—Many tons of game are daily shipped
from Hartland to Milwaukee and Boston,
Mass.

—Frank Becker, dealer in dry goods at
LaCrosse, was taken to E. J. Kelly, who gives
a bond of \$15,000.

—At Cazenovia Will Brewer seriously
stabbed Harry during a quarrel
about a watch chain.

—The State Senate continued to give the
official State printing to the Milwaukee
Democrat.

—The station known as Johnson's Creek
shipped 824,150 pounds of butter and 11,377
cases of eggs during 1890.

—Logging is being pushed night and day
in the Ashland district. The season's cut
is estimated at 300,000,000 feet.

—J. H. Jones' grocery at Janesville was
closed by the sheriff to satisfy claims of
\$2,200 held by Chicago parties.

—Jack Carkeek, the wrestler, at Beloit,
is so far recovered from his recent injuries
that he is able to walk about the house.

—The agent of the Goodrich Transportation
company at Manitowish, J. W. Toombs,
committed suicide by hanging himself from
a rafter of his barn.

—Gilbert Thompson, a former Minneap-
olis boy, committed suicide at Amherst, by
holding his head under the water in a slop-
barrel. His health was bad.

—A meeting was held by the ladies of
Wausau to consider a plan for establish-
ing a branch of the Chicago Convalescent
Home at Wausau.

—Mrs. John T. Smith died at Geneva,
Switzerland, while traveling in company
with her son Sidney. Her remains will be
brought to Whitefish for burial.

—The settlement of the Scheidelet-Fetzer
contested election case by the State Senate
resulted in the seating of Fetzer, Demo-
crat, by a strict party vote of 17 to 14.

—Policeman Gordon, who brought down
two assassins with one pistol shot in a
saloon room at Whitefish, has waived ex-
amination and will stand trial at Elkhorst.

—The adjourned case against the Rev.
Father Smith of Delavan for being inter-
ested in a lottery was called at Elkhorst.
Father Smith waived examination and gave
bail.

—A decree nisi was discovered in H. H.
West & Co.'s store in the new insurance
building in Milwaukee. It spread rapidly
and destroyed much of the stock. Loss,
\$25,000; insurance, \$7,000.

In Fond du Lac, John Cronin pleaded
guilty of the burglary of the White resi-
dence at Ripon, and was sentenced to the
penitentiary for a period of from three to
eight years. He was arrested at Schellenger-
ville.

—Miss Dora Bergenzehn, the would-be
suicide at Ripon, is now anxious to live,
but is unable to retain nourishment be-
cause of the bullet hole in her stomach. She
still refuses to give any reason for the attempt
to kill herself.

—Bills were introduced in the assembly
to give justice of the supreme bench on
a salary of \$3,000 per annum after they
have reached the age of 65 years and have
served ten consecutive years, and to abolish
prison contract labor.

—Alice Carpenter had to be taken home
from college at Appleton. She had become
so excited over religious work at revivals
that she feared for her mind and was en-
tertained. She is the daughter of the Methodist minister
at Randolph.

—By the burning of M. E. Mosher's
stock-barn in La Crosse the live stock sta-
tion, Royal David, Ally Stoper, and the
Wilfred were destroyed. They were valued
at \$5,000. Other property burned brought
the loss up to \$7,000, with no insurance.

—Two children of an engineer named
Hearst, aged 8 and 6 years, were burned
to death in their father's home at Weed's
lake, Langlade county. They slept in a
room adjoining that of their parents. The
house was not destroyed.

—Hort Hand, son of J. O. Hand, of Lin-
coln, was attacked with diphtheria while
attending the Wisconsin University at Mad-
ison. To prevent the spread of the disease
he was removed to Lincoln in a special car
accompanied by health officers.

—William Grant Fitch, one of the oldest
lawyers in Milwaukee, died at his home
seven years ago Mr. Fitch was internally
injured by the overturning of a coach and
had been ailing ever since, although able
to be at his bank until three months ago.

—A colony of 10,000 Italian Jews are
coming to this country. The heads of the
families have been exiled from the ex-
patriation because of race prejudice. Some
will come to Milwaukee, where they will
meet many who were driven away from
their breeding by similar edicts.

—Mrs. Francis Hall sued the city of La-
crosse some months since for \$3,000 damages,
alleging that her property had been injured
from the grading of streets. City Attorney
Hickins entered a demurrer. Judge Win-
dous sustained the demurrer. The case will
be appealed.

—Jorge Nelson, a farmer living ten
miles from Whitefish, killed his stepson in
a horrible manner. His son was playing
with some other boys about his father's
house, and he was chopping wood and dashed
in front of the latter, receiving the full force
of a blow on the head, killing him instantly.

—Squatters near Ashland have organized
a settlers' club for mutual protection. They
are on land which is to be sold to the
state in April. Over 500 squatters are on the
land. Hot times are expected, as many are
contending the land under the "Innocent
Purchaser" act.

—Elmer E. Graham, well-known socially
at Eau Claire, was brought to that place
from Superior on complaint of his wife, who
charged him with deserting her and her
children. He was committed to jail. His
wife went to the municipal judge and de-
clared that her brother had indicted the
arrested Graham was discharged.

—Senator Connor introduced a measure
in Madison providing that a mortgagee shall
be liable for the taxes on his property to
the amount of the difference between the
valuation of the property and the face of
the mortgage, the man holding the mort-
gage being liable for the taxes on the
amount of the face of the mortgage in the
county in which the mortgage is recorded.

—Paul Papp, aged 10, died suddenly at
the home of his stepfather, Anton Papp,
in Milwaukee. No doctor had been called.
The coroner was unable

SUNDAY READING.

SERIOUS AND INSTRUCTIVE MATTER FOR THE RELIGIOUSLY INCLINED.

Deep Life Before Great Work—The New Birth—God's Claim Upon Our Time—Etc., Etc.

Judge not; the workings of his brain And of his heart thou canst not see; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from some well-won field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight, May be a token, that below The soul has closed in deadly fight With some infernal fiery foe, Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace, And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fell thou darest to despise— May be the angel's slackened hand Has suffered it, that he may rise And take a firmer, surer stand; Or, trusting less to earthly things, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see, With hopeful pity, not disdain; The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain; And love and glory that may raise This soul to God in after days! —Adelaide Proctor, in Christian Union.

Deep Life Before Great Work.

Most busy people who have a deep interest in their work cherish the hope that the time will come when that work will be pursued without interruption; when life will become a quiet library for the trying of an experiment, a silent library for the writing of a book, or a noiseless studio for the painting of a picture. But for most men such a time never comes. Life is so arranged that we get, not what we like, but what we need. Nothing seems more alluring than the opportunity of shutting out the whole world and giving one's entire strength and thought to the work in hand; nothing would tell so disastrously on the character of that work as the constant interruption of vital experience, the constant intrusion into the well-ordered routine of care and suffering and the vicissitudes of actual life, that give a man that knowledge and that sympathy out of which great work is born. Dante would doubtless have preferred a quiet life in Florence, but such a life would have cost the world the Divine Comedy. The great thing, after all, is to have something to express, and one can have neither profound experiences nor great thoughts nor deep sympathies unless he submits himself to the education of those common experiences which make up human life. To live deeply is the first condition of doing a great work, and to live deeply one must live in the broad current where other men's interests and sufferings, no less than his own, jostle against him, and at times all but overwhelm him. —Christian Union.

The New Birth.

I do not believe that the new birth is merely a renovation of the old carnal mind or spirit. But that it is such a change as makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus. And that it makes us to be the workmanship of God, created in Christ Jesus unto good works in which God hath before ordained that we should walk. I believe it is a change so radical that in being born of the Spirit we put off the old man with his deeds; and that we put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him who created him. I believe that the new birth puts us in Christ; and that if any man is in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away; that in Christ Jesus neither circumcision avails anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. I believe that in being born of the Spirit, we put off the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and that we put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. I believe that a man must be born of the Spirit in order to enter into the kingdom of God, or be one of his children; and when so born, that the seed of God remains in the man, so that the new spiritual man does not and cannot sin, because he is a partaker of the divine nature, and to sin would corrupt that nature. I believe that when a man is born of the Spirit, he is crucified with Christ, nevertheless he lives; yet I do not believe it is he as he was before. But that now, it is Christ living in the man, and that the life he now lives he lives by the faith of the Son of God and a joint heir with Christ; and is kept by the power of God, so that all the hosts of hell cannot beat him out of a home in heaven. But that when he is done with this sin-cursed world, he shall go home to rest in glory with God. —Rev. Swafford, in Texas Baptist and Herald.

God's Claim Upon Time.

Most of us take a false view of time with respect to God. We think of time as our own, and assume the right to allot such a portion of it to God and his service as we see fit. Some outwardly very pious people really allow God but one-seventh of the week. Others aim to give him more than this, but the more they give, the more credit they take to themselves, so that really they are but making God buy the extra time with an equivalent measure of his favor.

Now the truth is that God owns absolutely all the time that exists; for he made both time and us, and what he has never alienated from himself must still be his. The question is not, "How much time ought I give to God's service?" but, "How can I most wisely apportion all his time to the different services he requires of me?" So that it does not reduce to a matter of secular and religious time sharing, the religious time belong-

ing to God, and the secular time belonging to man. We serve God just as truly in our studies, in our tasks, in our recreations, as we do in our church work—if only we put God's spirit into all we do. Why should Monday be less sacred than Sunday? All time is sacred, and all work is sacred, because in all time, and all activity we are either serving or dishonoring God by the spirit that is in us. Tennyson sings, "Our wills are ours to make them Thine." The same is true of what we call our time—it is ours to make it God's. —Zion's Herald.

One Kind of Christianity.

On a holy-day not long since a lady belonging to our "upper ten" went to Trinity church, and seeing a lady alone in a favorable pew went forward and entered the pew. The occupant looked up from her prayer-book and said: "This is my pew; and if others come there will be no room for you." The lady in question bowed and left, and on seeing only one person directly in front of the seat she had just left stepped into the pew. At the same moment the first Christian (?) leaned forward and spoke a few words to the second, who said to the stranger: "I think friends may come, who will require these seats." Upon which the stranger left the second pew; and while standing for a moment in the aisle, wondering if she could have made a mistake in the church, an old friend and one of the most distinguished members of the congregation opened his door, inviting her to enter. After the service he told her that she "would be welcome to a seat there at any and all times."

The two Christian women were evidently surprised at the stranger's friendly reception, and afterward expressed their chagrin, particularly at her not recognizing the thought-to-be intruder was a reflection upon themselves. Should this meet the eye of either of those ladies it is to be hoped at another time they may consent to be more courteous and more worthy to be numbered among Phillips Brooks' flock. —Boston Courier.

True Greatness.

One of the things for the ordinary man to do is to confess, "I have made a mistake." Our pride rebels against acknowledging anything like a failure upon our part. We are naturally inclined to throw the blame upon others, and to take none of it ourselves. It requires moral nerve to assume our due share of responsibility in any reverse sustained or wrong done. Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault." A less honorable and frank man would have sought to find a scape-goat for the miscarriage of his plans. As Goldsmith truly remarks, "His confession shows more greatness than his victories." He who confesses his mistakes not only evinces a nobility of spirit, but is likely to guard against them in the future, as well as to make amends for them as far as may be in his power. —Sel.

"Keep Thyself Pure."

What the Christian Standard says below of an evangelist will apply with equal force to every man who ever named the name of Christ.

The conduct of an evangelist in the presence of ladies should be most exemplary. An unbecoming familiarity with women, either in or out of the church, if known, will kill his influence, and the meeting will die on his hands. If it is not generally known, he knows it himself, and he is a base hypocrite who persists in preaching the gospel while he disgraces its Author. Paul wrote to Timothy, "Keep thyself pure." An evangelist ought to be a clean man. He should not use tobacco in any form. He will lose his influence upon the people if he persists in this habit. How can a preacher persuade other men to deny self when he cannot, or will not, do so himself? An evangelist must be a pattern of personal neatness. His appearance should always be tidy. He cannot win men if he is slovenly and dirty. He need not be a fop, but should always see that his clothes are becoming and clean.

Old Age.

At one time when Dean Stanley was sixty years of age, a little boy said to him, with a child's frankness, "Why, all your life is over." To which the dean replied, "Oh, no, the best is yet to come!" With the same serene hope he spoke of death, on another occasion, as follows:

The soul finds itself on the mountain ridge overlooking the unknown future; our company before is gone; the kinsfolks and friends of many years are passed over the dark river, and we are left alone with God. We know not in the shadow of the night who it is that touches us—we feel only that the everlasting arms are closing us in; the morning breaks, we are bid to depart in peace, for by a strength not our own we have prevailed and the path is made clear before us. —Sel.

Duty.

It is by doing our duty that we learn to do it. So long as men dispute whether or no a thing is their duty, they never get the nearer. Let them set over so weakly about doing it, and the face of things alters. They find in themselves strength which they knew not of. Difficulties which they seemed to them they could not get over, disappear. For he accompanies it with the influence of his blessed Spirit, and each performance opens our minds for larger influxes of His grace, and places them in communion with Him. —E. B. Pusey, in Signs of the Times.

Life without industry is guilt. —Ruskin.

COMPOSITE HUMANITY.

MAN MAY BE BOUND IN HALF CALF OR DOGSKIN.

By Swapping Skin and Bones With the Beasts, the Future Man May Cast Sheep's Eyes at His Fellow in Earliest Borrowed Notes.

Slowly and surely the word "impossible" is becoming obsolete in the lexicon of surgery, as each year sees triumphantly performed under the scalpel of the skilled practitioner feats undreamed of a decade before.

Following rapidly upon the track of a successful operation in Texas in which the diseased collar bone of a patient was replaced by a portion of the osseous anatomy of a sheep, came the clean removal of a diseased lobe of a child's brain in a Philadelphia hospital, the successful patching of a lacerated stomach, removed and replaced in the operation, and a most remarkable case of bone grafting in New York.

In the last instance the removed bone of a lad's calf was supplanted by one from a spaniel's leg, a severed end of the latter being splinted to the calf, and both boy and dog carefully tended until the knitting was effected, when the strange pair were separated and human and canine patient nursed back to health and strength.

These are but a few illustrations of the strides taken by modern surgery. But they suffice, even without further trust in the future, to make average humanity thankful for its nineteenth century existence.

When one of Noah's grandchildren lost a finger in a hay cutter or an arm in a buzz-saw, or had an eye put out or a leg cut off, or lost his hair or teeth, he was forced to go without the item thus deducted from his sum total for the rest of his mortal life. It is hard to credit the amount of patching up that may now be accomplished by the advanced processes and inventions of these days.

Suppose that a man has lost all four limbs, his hair, his eyes, his nose, all his teeth and a portion of his palate; he has a fractured skull and tubercles on his lungs. The gentleman may also be covered with the pits of an early case of small-pox, and may have been presented at his birth with a large mole on his cheek.

First, of course, he will have his head trepanned by some skillful surgeon, and when he has had the tubercles removed from his lungs by a specialist in pulmonary diseases and has recovered from the exhausting effects of these two operations he will be in a proper state to have his eyes attended to. A rabbit is selected whose optics are of a color becoming to the subject, and one of them is transplanted by means of transfusion. Of course he could hardly expect to have both eyes successfully supplied in this way, but supposing he has good luck and one grows satisfactorily, the other socket, for the sake of beauty and symmetry, will be filled by one of the glass eyes now manufactured to such perfection.

His next proceeding will be to call in a maker of artificial limbs and be measured for a full suit of arms and legs. If the patient is fortunate enough to have one arm down to the wrist, he will be supplied with a hand with which he can manage to write a little and feed himself quite perfectly. His lower limbs will convey him from place to place, not very gracefully, to be sure, but still as well as many merely lame legs convey their owners, and which, sitting or resting, will present, perhaps, a more symmetrical appearance than the originals they have succeeded.

The once total wreck is still bald, toothless and disfigured with pockmarks and a mole. An artificial set of teeth, quite as good as the original article and incapable of aching, will be supplied by any good dentist, and the missing portion of the palate also will be furnished. Then the hair would naturally be his next thought. He may have hair or portions of scalp transplanted to the uncovered cranium. But this is a long and painful process, so we will suppose that the subject contents himself with a wig. Fortunately, in these days wigs are made which are entirely deceptive and, so far as appearance goes, look quite as well as nature's own production.

The beauty seeker next goes to that artist of recent growth, the "dermatologist," who first destroys his mole by "electrolysis," and then gets to work upon the pockmarks. These are smoothed by a disintegrating process, which loosens up the fibrous structure of the scars and smooths down the whole face by a sort of planing method. He is still disfigured by the want of a nose, certainly a most important lack in a human countenance. This feature may now be supplied by surgery by transplanting a fold of flesh from some living arm, which is held near to the face to be repaired until a portion of the fold has grown fast in its new situation, and then is wholly separated from the arm and forms a fairly satisfactory nasal appendage.

Here the former human wreck may walk about the streets or call upon his feminine acquaintances, quite capable of appreciating their charms, for he has one available eye. He may smile also, for his molars and incisors are

now plentiful and of pearly whiteness, and, though his nose may be a trifle pudding-like and lack Grecian symmetry of line, his delicate complexion and luxuriant hair largely compensates for this trifling defect.

He will never, of course, be a satisfactory partner in the waltz, but his dignified repose and symmetrical limbs must make him an ornament to the reception and conversation.

Thus, while the vital organs remain within the trunk and the gray matter of the brain is intact a man need not despair, and surgeons believe that we may soon expect to see the ill-furnished cranium supplied with such qualities as it lacks, and poets, painters, inventors and philosophers manufactured out of the raw material of the idiot ward and the stage door contingent.

Shorthand Has a Limit.

There are limits to shorthand. Every honest stenographer will admit that no person is able to report the most rapid speakers or to follow with accuracy an argument which consists of many references to scientific books, and contains quotations which must be accurately recorded. In practice, wherever a speaker makes use of many quotations, particularly of poetry or of statistics, the stenographer is always anxious to be supplied with the quoted parts. Among the very best stenographers the practical impossibility of one writer being able to record the most difficult speaking with accuracy is so well recognized that in the most important cases a system of check notes is always observed so that points which may be missed by one writer will be caught by another. This is really not an unusual practice, and it has been found to be absolutely essential in many cases.

In shorthand writing there are many expedients, there are many omissions of sounds and letters, so that a great deal of the accuracy of transcribing depends upon the intelligence of the transcriber. There are comparatively few words which are written out in the shorthand notes. It is true that some expert writers are able to write words almost fully, and there are some who write so fully that their notes may be transcribed by others; but the great majority of shorthand writers write notes which can be read only by themselves, and which are in most cases but suggestions of words.

A Lovely Time.

Oh! dear, mamma, we've had such fun Since you have been away; We got the brand new microscope That aunt bought yesterday, And took a drop of vinegar To look at, and, oh! dear, The things we saw a-wiggling 'round Were very, very queer. Some had no heads, and there was scarce A leg among them all, And many of the bigger ones Kept swallowing the small. It scared us awfully to see Them not so strange and bad, But, oh! mamma, you can't think what A lovely time we had!

Even So.

The first half of man's life, 'tis true, He spends in finding what to do; The other half, see if he won't, He spends in learning what to don't.

Startle the Graveyard.

Out in the Erie coal fields near Burlington, Col., a few years ago a lean, freckle-faced fellow, with high Spanish heels on his boots, walked into the Stone and Quartz saloon, at Burlington, and, leaning his long body on his bony arms on the bar, turned round to the half dozen loiterers in the place, and with a drawl drew his lantern jaw down on his flannel shirt and said: "How long has this yer camp been a runnin'?"

"Two years," replied the bartender, without raising his eyes. "Graveyard begun yit?" "Not yet." "Bout time the camp had one. S'pose I start one?"

One bony arm left the bar. It never reached its owner's belt. There was a noise that sounded like a man dropping a log chain in an empty hardware store, and this noise was followed by a crash of exploding six shooters from the holster. A curtain of white smoke rolled up against the ceiling. The man at the bar made a lurch and then fell upon the floor. Six bullets were in his body.

A graveyard was started in Burlington next morning. The lean man started it himself. Burlington is now wiped out, but high up on Boar Rib Butte is one grave. It is the only one the camp left. —N. Y. Dispatch.

His Source of Information.

A Washington young man, whose pen has made him indirectly acquainted with many discriminating readers, recently became more than discreetly intimate with the cup that cheers, and is now wondering whether he has really signed an agreement to ship as a sailor on an ice boat. If he is under such obligation seamen must be rather scarce, for a conversation something as follows took place between him and the officer: "Have you any knowledge of the business?" "Yes, sir." "Glad to hear it. Where did you get it?" "I have a vast fund of nautical information which I acquired by reading sea stories that I wrote myself." —Washington Post.

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LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

Two lovers by the old front gate,
So young and all alone!
The village clock tolls, late! late! late!
Twelve times in solemn tone.

"No, no!"
A deep voice says aloud,
"Sweetheart, don't go
Till the moon goes under a cloud."

The queen of night rides high in space
Fervently bright and fair;
Her kisses glid the young swain's face,
The maiden's glossy hair.

"Tis late."
And all their vows are vowed;
Why wait and wait,
Till the moon goes under a cloud?

The fair girl's dewy lips repeat:
"Good night is not good-by."
But love in youth is very sweet,
And village maids are shy.

Dear one,
With head so sweetly bowed—
Don't run, don't run,
Till the moon goes under a cloud.

—George Horlon.

WE MADE THE MATCH.



WHAT fun it would be!" said Ida Newman, helping herself to a piece of cake.

"It's the best notion!" shrieked Lottie Burns, taking a candied cherry from a paper.

"You had better enjoy the joke less audibly, or we'll have some one coming to see what is the matter," interposed Grace Carleton in a whisper.

The three girls were sitting upon the floor near the open window in their sleeping-room, surreptitiously enjoying the dainties that Lottie's married sister, who had been to boarding school and knew all about it, had smuggled in an innocent-looking parcel that morning.

They were all supposed to be in bed. The time devoted to recreation—in which they played battledore and shuttlecock or grace-hoops in the long school-room—had passed; the hour during which Miss Chesney read aloud from some good book not calculated to offend the religious prejudices of anyone, while the pupils crocheted or knitted or "went on" mysteries in worsted-work, had passed as usual; they had had prayers, and retired to their dormitories, and after a certain space the gas had been turned off; and here they were up again, each wrapped in a counterpane, endeavoring to ruin their youthful digestions by the light of the midnight moon.

"She has no business to peep and pry as she does," said Ida, "and go about soot-footed and pop down on us when she is least expected to do so."

"Of course she hasn't," said Lottie. "Let us do it!" said Grace.

"I can see him with my opera-glass," said Ida. "I believe he is writing poetry."

The three girls got upon their knees, and looked through the optical instrument in question, which had been in use before and now stood upon the window-seat.

"No; he is copying music," said Grace. "Oh, dear how funny he is, with his big nose and his bald head—quite a comic character!"

"Sentimental, too—he'd believe it all," said Ida.

"The question is," said Lottie, "what are we to write to her? He may believe a lady has sent for him because she has fallen in love with him as he appears at present; but if we were to write to her that an elderly gentleman had done the same thing, she would instantly tell her respected principal, let loose the watch-dog lock herself in her own room, send for the magistrate, and never come out again until the villain was arrested."

"That is true," said Ida. "Miss Chesney is roper to the tips of her toes. Prudence Chesney—doesn't the name suit her? I tell you what we will do, girls; we'll write to her that a poor but worthy gentleman whom she once knew is in great distress, and begs a little assistance."

"She'll be sure to answer that," said Lottie; "she gives away her small change to every beggar on the road."

"Yes, and she doesn't get too much of herself, either," said Grace. "Oh, say—it would be too bad!"

However, the spirit of fun, and the utter heartlessness of her companions overcame her, and by the light of a well-preserved wax candle the trio indited the following notes—the first as follows:

"Dear Sir—I am a teacher in—Institute, and being in possession of an opera-glass, often spent more time than I would be willing to confess to in watching you as you sat at your window engaged, I doubt not, in musical composition. The balmy breeze even bring to me sometimes the magic strains of your violin. May I dare to beg an interview? I should like to see more of one of whom I think so often."

"P. S.—I shall be in the grove in the school garden at half-past seven this evening."

"Lovely!" cried the girls, when Lottie read this composition aloud to them.

"Now what is the individual's name?" asked Lottie.

"Peter Palmer, Professor of Music," giggled Ida. "Oh, Peter, you don't know what we are doing over here," and she threw a kiss toward the street of the house in the village at which the unconscious musician sat at work. "Now for the other letter, Lottie." Lottie considered.

"Father gets lots of begging letters," said she; "they usually begin like this: 'Dear Madam'—in this case 'You may not remember my name, but I was once an old friend. Fortune has smiled on you and frowned on me. I am in great need of temporary assistance in order to reach London, where I am sure of obtaining a position under Government, &c., &c. Then I will indicate the grove and the hour, and sign 'Peter Palmer.'"

"Splendid!" cried the other girls, and these precious missives were directed and stamped, and tucked under Lottie's pillow that they might be posted in the morning, and posted they were; and when in the twilight the three girls saw Miss Chesney in her best dress too, steal out of her home and take her way towards the grove they were delighted. Up to their dormitory they rushed, and through the opera glass soon beheld the musician picking his way along the dusty road. He had on a blue necktie, and wore a rosebud in his button hole, and before he entered the grove he paused and dusted his boots with an old pocket-handkerchief, which he afterwards carefully concealed in his coat-tail pockets, while he arranged a snow-white and spotless one so that its edge should be just visible above his shirt.

"If we could only see them meet," said Lottie.

"It would be dangerous," said Ida. "I believe we have committed forgery."

Grace began to cry.

"I declare, we have been too bad," said she. "I don't mind about Peter, but Miss Chesney will feel awfully."

Meanwhile that lady was waiting in the grove, and shortly heard a step upon the path which led to the road. She waited hardly daring to look up until a figure stood before her; then she lifted her eyes. She had expected to see a squalid object in rags, or at least patches; the neat appearance of the musician relieved her mind. He spoke at once:

"It is so good of you to meet me here," he said. "I have known for some time that you were teaching in this school, but the painful circumstances of our last meeting deterred me from making myself known."

"It is a long while ago," said Miss Chesney, looking down. But I am glad you still consider me your friend."

"My very dearest, while I live," said Peter Palmer, smiling, "and that you have proved your confidence in me by what you have done."

"I always felt," said Peter, "that others were to blame."

"They were," said Prudence. "Some falsehoods were uttered. No matter, those who uttered them are now no more."

"But we live," said Peter, with emphasis. Prudence was regaining her composure which had been a little disturbed by recognizing in the musician an old friend, one indeed to whom she had been engaged at the age of eighteen, and whom she had never quite forgotten.

"We will talk of the present," said she. "I desire to assure you of my sympathy with your distress."

"It changes, as you speak, to happiness and hope," said Peter.

"If my power were equal to my will, you would suffer no more," said Prudence. "But, unhappily, I am entirely dependent on my resources. My poor father failed before he died, and I have only a limited salary; still, I have saved something—enough, I hope, to take you to London, and you are very, very welcome to it."

Here she took from a small reticule upon her arm an envelope which she handed to Peter. He, for his part, stared at her in astonishment, growing crimson as he did so.

"Ten pounds is not much," said Prudence. But—

"You are offering me ten pounds?" asked Peter.

"Yes, only that; but can't you go to London with it?" asked Prudence. "I believe the tickets—"

"You want me to go to London?" asked Peter. "Why?"

"Unless I misunderstand your note, Mr. Palmer, you hope for a position under government there," said Prudence.

"My note!" repeated Peter. "Have I answered your kind letter and forgotten that I did so?" At all events, I never dreamed of a political situation anywhere. Really, Miss Chesney, there is some strange mistake."

"My kind letter!" cried Prudence. "Mr. Palmer, I did not even know that you were in the village until you wrote to me asking—that is, alluding to our old friendship and your ill-fortune."

"Here is your note," said Mr. Palmer, taking the letter from his bosom.

"And here is yours," said Miss Chesney, opening her reticule.

"The girls of the first class are responsible for this," said she.

"For this also," said Peter. "Happily, by good luck, and though leading a quiet life, I am rather well off than otherwise; happy and content, but for a memory of the past that will recur."

"I am deeply mortified!" began Miss Chesney.

Then Peter Palmer drew closer to her and took her hand.

the memories of her youth came rushing back upon her; and in her eyes Peter Palmer was not at all the funny, middle-aged bachelor that he was to the laughing school girls, but just her own old sweetheart who still loved her.

"Just to think of it!" cried Lottie Burns, a month or so after this. "Miss Chesney is going to be married to Peter Palmer, Professor of Music."

"What!" shrieked the other girls. "Honor bright!" said Lottie. "We must have made the match!"

Well, girls," said Grace, "for my part I am glad it has ended this way, and I propose to take up a collection for a silver water-pitcher from the class as a wedding present."

It was Lottie who presented it, and she never knew, nor did any of the other girls, how forbearing Miss Chesney had been in not exposing them.

An Affecting Incident.

The conflagration of the scaffold intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XIV is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married.

For a long time the lover, protecting his betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," he said: "my strength fails. I can go no further."

"There is yet a way!" cried the lover in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardor and strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round. It was a different person! Another, more active had taken advantage of his recommendation. His beloved was no more!—New York Ledger.

A Queen in Exile.

Silk seems to be the Cinderella of the tariff. It has been called the queen of the textiles, but it is very much neglected just now. Fashion, more powerful even than statutes, has turned to other favorites for the moment, and in consequence there is anxiety and even dismay at Paterson and in the silk market. One of the largest silk manufacturers dumped 1,300 pieces of dress goods on the market, through the auction room, and by the help of some good friends in the trade managed to get fair prices. But the test will come when there is to be the largest auction sale of silk goods in the history of the country. Perhaps the largest mill in the United States will then offer 3,750 pieces of dress goods in a peremptory sale under the hammer. This means that even the leading manufactory cannot dispose of its goods through the ordinary channel, and decides to cut the Gordian knot with the blunt but effective weapon, the auctioneer's mallet. The outcome of this sale will be watched with keen interest all over the country, as it will be a proof of the hard-pan value of silk in this day of neglect.—Henry R. Elliot, in Washington Star.

Didn't Comfort Him Any.

From the Boston Courier.

The line in which consolations run is something unique enough and the want of tact which some folks display is as conspicuous as is the ease and grace with which some folks glide out of an awkward situation.

A nice old lady recently related at much length how complete heart-broken an old man was at the death of his only daughter.

"He is completely prostrated," she said. "He cannot bear to be separated from her, and he says that there was never anybody so afflicted before in the world."

"But he is so old her hearer responded, 'that he cannot possibly live long. I should think he would think how soon he will go to her.'"

"Yes," responded the other. "That is what I just told him the day of the funeral, and I thought he was offended. At any rate it didn't seem to comfort him any."

An Ancient Mule.

Speaking of ancient mules, this from the Hamilton (Mo.) News-Graphic is quite interesting: "Jule a mule now owned by Maj. Robert J. Williams of Ray county, came into his possession during the siege of Vicksburg. From that time to the close of the war Jule was one of the team that hauled the major's mess-wagon and brought him home to Missouri. She was twice wounded during the siege at Vicksburg with Minie-bullets, one of which remained in her body until a few years ago, when it worked its way through and fell out. The mule is quite feeble and is in her 35th year. She is tenderly cared for by her grateful owner and the members of his family."

THE CAMP FIRE.

EXPERIENCES OF SOLDIERS DURING THE LATE REBELLION.

Veterans Becoming Insane—Wives in the Army—The Wilderness Again—Short Items, Etc.

The Milwaukee National Home contains at this writing probably 2,500 members, all of whom, with very few exceptions, were pronounced insane men by the examining surgeon when admitted. As the years rolled by more and more became insane. Most are harmless, but some are vicious. Every year a batch of these unfortunates are sent to the asylum at Washington, in order to make room here, and for better treatment at the capital. Still, they multiply at an alarming rate, till the number of so-called "cranks" is something fearful to understand, even by a close observer.

The causes are said to be broken health, broken hearts, broken fortunes, family troubles and failure in obtaining pensions. For the benefit of, and as a well-meant, timely warning to all comrades, and wives, sons and daughters of veterans who are now inmates of this or any other Home, I wish to give my own reason for this increase of insanity among the old soldiers. In a majority of cases I honestly believe that the cause can plainly be traced to an entirely different source than the above mentioned reason. Friends, you have neglected the veteran by considering that he has already been well provided for by a grateful people, and consequently you have almost entirely forgotten him—you never (or hardly ever) correspond, never send him his local newspapers; you do not cheer him up, and never throw a ray of sunshine across his lonely, wearisome way. Days, weeks, months and years pass by, but he never receives a single token of love or remembrance. Day after day our feeble old friend of former happy days wanders to his postoffice and calls for letters that never come. Week after week he sends messages to loved ones, or friends of his schoolboy days, but never receives an answer. Slowly, with feeble steps and bowed head, he walks about the Home grounds; his comrades that pass by he never knows. Life is a drudge, and hope is gone, and how it ends you can well imagine. Some day his roommates read his funeral notice on the "bulletin board" in the main hall, or are informed that he has been sent over to the "crazy" ward. The governor of the Home is a kind and just man. The surgeons do all they can to ease the old sufferer, but alas! they cannot return youth to them; they cannot replace friends, wives, sons and daughters, and above all, the National Home is not the "Home, Sweet Home," that the soldier dreamed and sang of during and before the war. Please remember your old friends at the Home, and forgive me if I have spoken rashly or wrong.—Fred Rogge, 38th Ohio Inf., in Toledo Blade.

Wives in the Army.

In the army, as elsewhere, the man who squanders his money will be always poor and wretched. On the contrary, if he is industrious and thrifty there is no walk of life in which an ignorant, unlettered man, lacking the education necessary to enable him to aspire to anything better than daily labor for daily bread, can do better.

Though only officers are now permitted to have their wives with them, yet when I became a soldier in 1842 and for many years afterward a certain number of women were allowed to each company in a regiment as laundresses. These women were the wives of the private soldiers, and as I was so fortunate as to secure one of these positions for my wife I was able to have her with me until the breaking out of the late civil war. This practice is still observed in all the armies of Great Britain and her colonies, and I think our government made a great mistake in abandoning it. Married men with wife and children by their side make the best soldiers.

The presence of those dear ones restrains a man and tends to make and keep him over sober, faithful and brave in the discharge of his duty. In time of battle he has a more direct interest in winning the fight than the single man, or he whose wife and children are in perfect safety hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles away. He feels that he is battling for a personal stake, and accordingly puts forth his highest, best efforts. In this respect a British soldier has a marked advantage over the American, though in every other way the condition of the former is not so good as that of the latter. The British soldier is not so well paid nor so well fed, and his chances for promotion are not nearly so good, but to be allowed to have wife and children with him more than compensates him for all his other disadvantages.—James Whalen, in Chicago News.

The Wilderness.

Ward's Brigade, of Birney's Division, Second Corps, formerly First Division, Third Corps (the old Phil. Kearny Division), of which our regiment, the 4th Mo., was a part, held the second line of low breastworks along the Brock road, with our right on the Plank road, at the time, 4 p. m., May 6, 1861. The assault was made by Longstreet on our front line of works. These works were low and composed of logs, dirt, brush—anything we could find handy to pile up as a cover. The front line was held by the Second Division of the old Third Corps, then a part of the Second, under Hancock. The 20th Ind., which is mentioned, was a part of that command. The rebels drove them from the first line

back upon our line. These works were not over 200 feet apart and the Brock road lay between them. The rebels planted their colors on the first line. We were ordered to charge over our works, and did so. The troops there rallied, and together we drove the rebels back at the point of the bayonet, hardly giving them time to get their colors. An attempt was made to capture them, but the rebels got them and retreated. The works to the left of us were on fire at the time, but not in our front. When the old Third Corps gave way in confusion it was time for Carroll's or any other troops to be looking for a line of retreat.

Our men that fell on that afternoon are buried on the east side of the Brock road near the plank road.

We held this position until we marched to the left to Todd's Tavern, and I think the history made by Hancock's and Sickles' old corps, united under one command, was as brilliant and full of fight as that scored by any other organization of the Army of the Potomac.

I remained with the boys until severely wounded at the charge on Taylor's Bridge at the crossing of the North Anna, and though the old division with the red diamond was badly used up by that time it was still in the ring when I left to go home on a stretcher.—F. E. Donk, in Nat. Tribune.

More Than Two Thousand Deserters.

In his message the Secretary of War says: "The number of desertions from the army for the twelve months ending September 30 were 2,086, as against 2,751 for the same period last year, a decrease of 24 per cent. This result is due to such improvements in the service as could be accomplished under existing legislation. Although desertions are already greatly reduced, so long as they continue in any considerable numbers they must have a bad effect upon the morale of the army and entail a large and needless expense. The practical solution of this somewhat vexed question assumes three phases: First, how to make the service more desirable; second, how to remove the artificial restraints which, by binding a man inflexibly to a long service which has become distasteful to him, naturally drives him to desperate means; third, how to make the punishment for the crime so certain that if more worthy motives fail men, may be warned by its fear. As to the second and third there is legislation enough, at least with our present experience. With respect to the first there is, I think, need of more."

A Pension Decision.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered a decision in the pension case of the mother of Lorenzo G. Babcock, late of Co. E, 125th N. Y., which involves the question of line of duty. It appears from the record that Babcock served in the army from August, 1862, until May, 1864, and was regarded as an efficient and faithful soldier. During the struggle in the wilderness, early in May, 1864, he underwent extraordinary fatigue, prolonged exposure to fire, arduous exertions, and loss of sleep. After several days of service of this character, he committed suicide by shooting himself through the breast. The department is convinced from the testimony that he had become mentally deranged, and that the whole aberration of mind was developed in the service long after enlistment. The department therefore reverses the former decision of the Commissioner of Pensions, and accepts it as a fact that this man, through no possible fault of his own, was irresponsible for the fatal act, and died in line of duty.

Not According to Upton.

In the early days of the war a certain Maine regiment on its way to the seat of war held a dress parade in Union Square, New York. This parade was preliminary to a flag presentation by citizens of Maine residing in New York City. The men looked their best. Everything moved along as merry as you please till our Colonel desired to give an order of some nature to our Adjutant. Where Adjutant "Fille" was just at the moment, never mind. Old "Juck" couldn't find him. Here was a dilemma, and the adjutant—yes, somewhat—voice of the Colonel was heard, thusly: "Jim! Ho, Jim! Ye-oh, Jim!" It is needless to say "Jim" soon appeared, and saluting the Colonel received his orders *ad hoc*, and "Attention.—At Maine!" etc. We were soon by company front on our way down Broadway, but "Jim! Ho, Jim!" resounds in our ears to-day as we think of those days of yore when grim-visaged war held sway.—F. Prescott, in Chicago Ledger.

Heaven and Earth.

Mrs. Fangle—You used to call me your angel, Henry, but you never say so now.

Mr. Fangle—No, my dear; I have found out the difference. Angels, you know, don't care anything about dresses.—West Shore.

A Bad Sign.

Sign Painter—Now, Missus Johnson, what does you want put on dis yer sign?

Missus Johnson (after a moment of deep thought)—I guess gold out scrubbin' done in here." will do.—Am. Cultivator.

What Decided Her.

Maud—Which have you elected to study—French or German?

Ethel—French.

Maud—Do you like French better than you do German?

Ethel—No, but I like the French professor better.—Yankee Blade.

GUARDING AGAINST MUTINY.

How an East Indian Prince Was Outwitted by the British Minister.

The British government takes every possible precaution to prevent the people of India from having arms to indulge in a second mutiny. As it cannot disarm the troops of the semi-independent native Princes that are under British protection and at whose courts there are ministers resident, some English statesmen have hit upon a novel and presumably successful method of preventing any prolonged hostilities on the part of these Princes.

The soldiers of these potentates had old-fashioned matchlocks and muzzle-loading rifles that were fired by means of percussion caps. The minister resident at the court of one of the most powerful of these Princes in conversation with that sovereign one day remarked that his men would be much better disciplined if they had a uniform firearm and suggested the use of the breech-loading rifles, such as are used in the British army. The British government, he said, would furnish the breech-loaders in substitution for the clumsy weapons which the native troops used, and for which bullets of a dozen different calibers had to be made. The government would also supply the necessary cartridges.

The Prince was delighted with the idea and at once gave his consent. The old guns and muskets of obsolete types were turned over to the government and the Prince's troops were equipped with breech-loading rifles of the latest pattern, and supplies of cartridges for target practice were issued every month. The Prince took great pleasure in superintending the maneuvers of his soldiers and in admiring the long range and precision of the rifles. But as the novelty wore off he began to dawn upon the mind of the Prince that the bargain was not such a very good one for him in case he should ever undertake to throw off the British yoke, inasmuch as the supply of cartridges, though plentiful enough for practice, was not sufficient to carry on any warfare, and the rifles without the cartridges were not much better than so many clubs. So he suggested to the minister resident the propriety of starting a cartridge factory in his principality.

"Oh, no," replied the minister resident, "your highness does not need any cartridge factory. Her imperial majesty Victoria will give you the cartridges you need, but does not wish to burden you with a factory, as the government can make them cheaper than any one."

The Prince's troops are using the new rifles yet, and every month get cartridges enough for practice. In case of war the old firearms would have been much handier, as every Hindoo knows how to make powder, and flint for matchlocks or percussion caps can easily be got.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

There will soon be an entrance fee of a franc for the Vatican museum.

Senator Warren, of Wyoming, is six feet tall, and his form is as straight as a Rocky Mountain pine. He is a blonde, rather good looking, and talks and dresses well. He is 46 years old.

The late Baron Haussmann's rule for success in life was always to flatter the wives of the deputies who voted appropriations. It worked like a charm.

The publication of a weekly journal to propagate nationalistic theories and under the editorship of Edward Bellamy is to be begun soon in Boston.

The champagne outlook is gloomy. The phylloxera is reported to have made its appearance, and, owing to the comparative failure of most of the vintage since 1884, champagne is likely to be shortly both scarce and dear.

A Boston publisher says that he still sells 50,000 copies a year of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Several seasons ago he got out a special edition of the book and sold 60,000 copies of it.

The Welmar Society for the Circulation of Good Literature, distributed during the last year 200,000 copies of wholesome tales and novels. At the same time it has increased its membership to 5,000 and has laid by \$10,000.

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